

CANADA

THE
COPP CLARK
LITERATURE
SERIES

THIRTEEN
FAMOUS
POEMS

*Annotated
by*

STEVENSON

No. 22

THIRTEEN FAMOUS POEMS

ANNOTATED BY

O. J. STEVENSON, M.A., D.Paed.

Professor of English, Ontario Agricultural College



TORONTO
THE COPP CLARK COMPANY, LIMITED

Copyright, Canada, 1923, by THE COPP CLARK COMPANY, LIMITED,
Toronto, Ontario

PREFACE

The Thirteen Famous Poems contained in this volume are those which are named in the list given in Circular 58 of the Ontario Department of Education, from which candidates for Entrance to High Schools must make a choice for supplementary reading. The publishers have issued these poems in one volume, for the convenience of teachers who may have difficulty in securing copies of the individual poems, or who may wish to have their pupils familiarize themselves with all the poems named in the list. These poems, as the title suggests, are famous English classics, and the collection is an excellent one for use either in the Fourth Form of the Public Schools or in the lower forms of the High Schools. In the annotations in this volume, in the case of each poem, such general explanations are given as are necessary to an understanding and appreciation of the poem as a whole, and difficulties in meaning are also explained. In the case of most of the poems, the annotations will be found at the back of the book; but in the case of the last three poems, plates have been used from other texts, with annotations at the foot of the page. This difference in arrangement will, however, cause little inconvenience to the teacher.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE ANCIENT MARINER (177)	<i>Coleridge</i> 1
ENOCH ARDEN (184)	<i>Tennyson</i> 23
THE PRISONER OF CHILLON (188)	<i>Byron</i> 52
ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD (192) .	<i>Gray</i> 64
THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH (194)	<i>Longfellow</i> 69
MICHAEL (197)	<i>Wordsworth</i> 77
THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN (199)	<i>Browning</i> 92
JOHN GILPIN (201)	<i>Cowper</i> 101
KING ROBERT OF SICILY (203)	<i>Longfellow</i> 110
MAZEPPA'S RIDE (204)	<i>Byron</i> 118
THE ISLAND OF THE SCOTS	<i>Aytoun</i> 132
EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN	<i>Aytoun</i> 139
THE BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS	<i>Macaulay</i> 145

COLERIDGE.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

IN SEVEN PARTS.

PART I.

An ancient
Mariner meet-
eth three Gal-
lants bidden to
a wedding-feast,
and detaineth
one.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
“By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp’st thou me?

“The Bridegroom’s doors are opened wide, 5
And I am next of kin ;
The guests are met, the feast is set :
May’st hear the merry din.”

He holds him with his skinny hand,
“There was a ship,” quoth he. 10
“Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon !”
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The Wedding-
Guest is spell-
bound by the
eye of the old
seafaring man,
and constrained
to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years’ child : 15
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone :
 He cannot choose but hear ;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner :— 20

“The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
 Merrily did we drop
 Below the kirk, below the hill,
 Below the lighthouse top.

The Mariner
 tells how the
 ship sailed
 southward with
 a good wind and
 fair weather, till
 it reached the
 line.

“The Sun came up upon the left, 25
 Out of the sea came he !
 And he shone bright, and on the right
 Went down into the sea.

“Higher and higher every day,
 Till over the mast at noon”— 30
 The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
 For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Wedding-
 Guest heareth
 the bridal
 music ; but the
 Mariner con-
 tinueth his tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
 Red as a rose is she ;
 Nodding their heads before her goes 35
 The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
 Yet he cannot choose but hear ;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner. 40

The ship drawn
 by a storm
 towards the
 south pole.

“And now the storm-blast came, and he
 Was tyrannous and strong ;
 He struck with his o’ertaking wings,
 And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow, 45
 As who pursued with yell and blow
 Still treads the shadow of his foe,
 And forward bends his head,
 The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
 And southward aye we fled. 50

And now there came both mist and snow,
 And it grew wondrous cold :
 And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
 As green as emerald.

The land of ice,
 and of fearful
 sounds, where
 no living thing
 was to be seen.

And through the drifts, the snowy clifts 55
 Did send a dismal sheen :
 Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
 The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
 The ice was all around : 60
 It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
 Like noises in a swound !

Till a great sea-
 bird, called the
 Albatross, came
 through the
 snow-fog, and
 was received
 with great joy
 and hospitality.

At length did cross an Albatross :
 Thorough the fog it came ;
 As if it had been a Christian soul, 65
 We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
 And round and round it flew.
 The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
 The helmsman steered us through ! 70

And lo ! the
 Albatross
 proveth a bird
 of good omen,
 and followeth
 the ship as it
 returned north-
 ward through
 fog and floating
 ice.

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
 The Albatross did follow,
 And every day, for food or play,
 Came to the mariners' holla !

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud, 75
 It perched for vespers nine ;
 Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
 Glimmered the white moon-shine."

The ancient
 Mariner inhospitably
 killeth the pious bird
 of good omen.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner,
 From the fiends that plague thee thus !— 80
 Why look'st thou so ?"—"With my cross-bow
 I shot the Albatross !"

PART II.

The Sun now rose upon the right :
 Out of the sea came he,
 Still hid in mist, and on the left 85
 Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
 But no sweet bird did follow,
 Nor any day for food or play
 Came to the mariners' hollo ! 90

His shipmates
 cry out against
 the ancient
 Mariner, for
 killing the bird
 of good luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,
 And it would work 'em woe ;
 For all averred, I had killed the bird
 That made the breeze to blow.
 Ah wretch ! said they, the bird to slay, 95
 That made the breeze to blow !

But when the
 fog cleared off
 they justify the
 same, and thus
 make them-
 selves accom-
 plices in the
 crime.

Nor dim, nor red, like God's own head,
 The glorious Sun uprist :
 Then all averred, I had killed the bird
 That brought the fog and mist. 100
 'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay
 That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze continues ; the
ship enters the
Pacific Ocean,
and sails north-
ward, even till it
reaches the Line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free ;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea. 105

The ship hath
been suddenly
becalmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be ;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea ! 110

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day, 115
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

And the Alba-
tross begins to
be avenged.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink ; 120
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot : O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs 125
Upon the slimy sea.

A spirit had fol-
lowed them ;
one of the in-
visible inhabi-
tants of this
planet, neither

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night ;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green and blue and white. 130

departed souls
nor angels;
concerning
whom the
learned Jew,
Josephus, and
the Platonic
Constantinopo-
litan, Michael
Psellus, may be
consulted.
They are very
numerous, and
there is no cli-
mate or element
without one or
more.

And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought, 135
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

The shipmates,
in their sore
distress would
fain throw the
whole guilt on
the ancient
Mariner; in sign
whereof they
hang the dead
sea-bird round
his neck.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks 140
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the Cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time! 145
How glazed each weary eye!

The ancient
Mariner behold-
eth a sign in the
element afar off.

When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist: 150
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
And as if it dodged a water-sprite, 155
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

At its nearer
approach, it
seemeth him to

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;

be a ship ; and
at a dear ran-
som he freeth
his speech from
the bonds of
thirst.

Through utter drought all dumb we stood
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail ! a sail ! 160

A flash of joy.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call :
Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in, 165
As they were drinking all.

And horror fol-
lows ; for can it
be a ship that
comes onward
without wind
or tide ?

See ! see ! (I cried) she tacks no more !
Hither to work us weal ;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel ! 170

The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well-nigh done !
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun ;
When that strange shape drove suddenly 175
Betwixt us and the Sun.

It seemeth him
but the skele-
ton of a ship.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace !)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face. 180

Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears !
Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres ?

And its ribs are
seen as bars on
the face of the
setting sun.
The spectre-
woman and her

Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun 185
Did peer, as through a grate ?
And is that Woman all her crew ?

death-mate,
and no other
on board the
skeleton ship.
Like vessel, like
crew !

Is that a Death ? and are there two ?
Is Death that woman's mate ?

Her lips were red, her looks were free, 190
Her locks were yellow as gold :
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Death and Life-
in-Death have
diced for the
ship's crew, and
she (the latter)
winneth the
ancient Mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came, 195
And the twain were casting dice ;
" The game is done ! I've won, I've won !"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

No twilight
within the
courts of the
sun.

The Sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out :
At one stride comes the dark ; 200
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

At the rising of
the moon.

We listened and looked sideways up !
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip ! 205
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steerman's face by his lamp gleamed white ;
From the sails the dew did drip —
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornèd Moon, with one bright star 210
Within the nether tip.

One after
another.

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye. 215

His shipmates
drop down
dead.

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

But Life-in-
Death begins
her work on the
ancient Mariner.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe !
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow !

220

PART IV.

The Wedding-
guest feareth
that a spirit is
talking to him.

“ I fear thee, ancient Mariner !
I fear thy skinny hand !
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

225

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown.”—

But the ancient
Mariner as-
sureth him of
his bodily life,
and proceedeth
to relate his
horrible pen-
ance.

Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest !
This body dropt not down.

230

Alone, alone, all all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea !
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

235

He despiseth
the creatures of
the calm.

The many men, so beautiful !
And they all dead did lie ;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on ; and so did I.

And envieth
that they should
live, and so
many lie dead.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away ;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

240

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray
 But or ever a prayer had gusht,
 A wicked whisper came, and made
 My heart as dry as dust. 245

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
 And the balls like pulses beat ;
 For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky, 250
 Lay like a load on my weary eye,
 And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse
 liveth for him
 in the eye of
 the dead men.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
 Nor rot nor reek did they :
 The look with which they looked on me 255
 Had never passèd away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
 A spirit from on high ;
 But oh ! more horrible than that
 Is the curse in a dead man's eye ! 260
 Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
 And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness
 and fixedness
 he yearneth to-
 wards the
 journeying
 moon, and the
 stars that still
 sojourn, yet still
 move onward ;
 and everywhere
 the blue sky be-
 longs to them,
 and is their
 appointed rest,
 and their native
 country and
 their own
 natural homes,
 which they enter
 unannounced,
 as lords that are
 certainly ex-
 pected, and yet
 there is a silent
 joy at their
 arrival.

The moving moon went up the sky,
 And nowhere did abide ;
 Softly she was going up, 265
 And a star or two beside —

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
 Like April hoar-frost spread ;
 But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
 The charmed water burnt away 270
 A still and awful red.

By the light of
the Moon he be-
holdeth God's
creatures of the
great calm.

Beyond the shadow of the ship.

I watched the water-snakes :

They moved in tracks of shining white,

And when they reared, the elfish light

275

Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship

I watched their rich attire :

Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,

They coiled and swam ; and every track

280

Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty
and their
happiness.

O happy living things ! no tongue

Their beauty might declare ;

A spring of love gushed from my heart,

And I blessed them unaware !

285

He blesseth
them in his
heart.

Sure my kind saint took pity on me,

And I blessed them unaware.

The spell begins
to break.

The selfsame moment I could pray ;

And from my neck so free

The Albatross fell off, and sank

290

Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

O sleep ! it is a gentle thing,

Beloved from pole to pole !

To Mary Queen the praise be given !

She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,

295

That slid into my soul.

By grace of the
holy Mother,
the ancient
Mariner is re-
freshed with
rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,

That had so long remained,

I dreamt that they were filled with dew ;

And when I awoke, it rained.

300

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
 My garments all were dank ;
 Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
 And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs : 305
 I was so light—almost
 I thought that I had died in sleep,
 And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth
 sounds and
 seeth strange
 sights and com-
 motions in the
 sky and the
 element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind :
 It did not come anear ; 310
 But with its sound it shook the sails,
 That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life !
 And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
 To and fro they were hurried about ! 315
 And to and fro, and in and out,
 The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
 And the sails did sigh like sedge ;
 And the rain poured down from one black cloud :
 The moon was at its edge. 321

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
 The moon was at its side :
 Like waters shot from some high crag,
 The lightning fell with never a jag, 325
 A river steep and wide.

The bodies of
 the ship's crew
 are inspirited,
 and the ship
 moves on :

The loud wind never reached the ship,
 Yet now the ship moved on !
 Beneath the lightning and the moon
 The dead men gave a groan. 330

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
 Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;
 It had been strange, even in a dream,
 To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered ; the ship moved on ; 335
 Yet never a breeze up-blew ;
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
 Where they were wont to do ;
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
 We were a ghastly crew. 340

The body of my brother's son
 Stood by me, knee to knee ;
 The body and I pulled at one rope,
 But he said nought to me.

but not by the
 souls of the
 men, nor by de-
 mons of earth
 or middle air,
 but by a blessed
 troop of angelic
 spirits, sent
 down by the in-
 vocation of the
 guardian saint.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner !" 345
 Be calm thou Wedding-Guest !
 'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
 Which to their corpses came again,
 But a troop of spirits blest :

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms, 350
 And clustered round the mast ;
 Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
 And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
 Then darted to the sun ; 355
 Slowly the sounds came back again,
 Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
 I heard the sky-lark sing ;
 Sometimes all little birds that are, 360

How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning !

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute ;
And now it is an angel's song, 365
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June, 370
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe ;
Slowly and smoothly went the ship, 375
Moved onward from beneath.

The lonesome
spirit from the
south pole
carries on the
ship as far as the
line, in obedi-
ence to the an-
gelic troop, but
still requireth
vengeance.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid ; and it was he
That made the ship to go. 380
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean ;
But in a minute she 'gan stir, 385
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound : 390

It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

The Polar Spirit's fellow-demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong ; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare ;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned,
Two voices in the air.

395

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

400

"The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow."

405

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew :
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

But tell me, tell me ! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast ?
What is the Ocean doing ?

410

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The Ocean hath no blast ;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

415

If he may know which way to go ;
 For she guides him smooth or grim.
 See, brother, see ! how graciously
 She looketh down on him. 420

FIRST VOICE.

The Mariner
 hath been cast
 into a trance ;
 for the angelic
 power causeth
 the vessel to
 drive northward
 faster than
 human life
 could endure.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
 Without or wave or wind ?

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,
 And closes from behind. 425

Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high !
 Or we shall be belated :
 For slow and slow that ship will go,
 When the Mariner's trance is abated.

The super-
 natural motion
 is retarded ; the
 Mariner awakes,
 and his penance
 begins anew.

I woke, and we were sailing on
 As in a gentle weather :
 'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high ;
 The dead men stood together. 430

All stood together on the deck,
 For a charnel-dungeon fitter ;
 All fixed on me their stony eyes,
 That in the moon did glitter. 435

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
 Had never passed away :
 I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
 Nor turn them up to pray. 440

The curse is
 finally expiated.

And now this spell was snapt : once more
 I viewed the ocean green,
 And looked far forth, yet little saw
 Of what had else been seen— 445

Like one, that on a lonesome road
 Doth walk in fear and dread,
 And having once turned round, walks on,
 And turns no more his head ;
 Because he knows a frightful fiend
 Doth close behind him tread. 450

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
 Nor sound nor motion made :
 Its path was not upon the sea,
 In ripple or in shade. 455

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
 Like a meadow-gale of spring—
 It mingled strangely with my fears,
 Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship, 460
 Yet she sailed softly too :
 Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
 On me alone it blew.

And the ancient
 Mariner behold-
 eth his native
 country.

Oh ! dream of joy ! is this indeed
 The lighthouse top I see ? 465
 Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
 Is this mine own countree ?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
 And I with sobs did pray—
 'O let me be awake, my God ! 470
 Or let me sleep alway.'

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
 So smoothly it was strewn !
 And on the bay the moonlight lay,
 And the shadow of the moon. 475

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
 That stands above the rock :
 The moonlight steeped in silentness
 The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light, 480
 Till rising from the same,

The angelic
 spirits leave the
 dead bodies,

Full many shapes, that shadows were,
 In crimson colours came.

and appear in
 their own forms
 of light.

A little distance from the prow 485
 Those crimson shadows were :
 I turned my eyes upon the deck—
 Oh Christ ! what saw I there !

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
 And, by the holy rood !
 A man all light, a seraph-man, 490
 On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand :
 It was a heavenly sight !
 They stood as signals to the land,
 Each one a lovely light ; 495

This seraph-band, each waved his hand :
 No voice did they impart—
 No voice ; but oh ! the silence sank
 Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars, 500
 I heard the Pilot's cheer ;
 My head was turned perforce away,
 And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
 I heard them coming fast: 505
 Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
 The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
 It is the Hermit good!
 He singeth loud his godly hymns 510
 That he makes in the wood.
 He'll shrive my soul, he'll wash away
 The Albatross's blood.

PART VII.

The Hermit of
 the wood

This Hermit good lives in that wood
 Which slopes down to the sea. 515
 How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
 He loves to talk with marineres
 That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
 He hath a cushion plump: 520
 It is the moss that wholly hides
 The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
 "Why, this is strange, I trow!
 Where are those lights so many and fair, 525
 That signal made but now?"

approacheth
 the ship
 with wonder.

"Strange, by my faith!" the Hermit said—
 "And they answered not our cheer!
 The planks look warped! and see those sails,
 How thin they are and sere! 530
 I never saw aught like to them,
 Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
 My forest-brook along ;
 When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow, 535
 And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
 That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look—
 (The Pilot made reply)
 I am a-feared"—"Push on, push on !" 540
 Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
 But I nor spake nor stirred ;
 The boat came close beneath the ship,
 And straight a sound was heard. 545

The ship sud-
 denly sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,
 Still louder and more dread :
 It reached the ship, it split the bay ;
 The ship went down like lead.

The ancient
 Mariner is
 saved in the
 Pilot's boat.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound, 550
 Which sky and ocean smote,
 Like one that hath been seven days drowned
 My body lay afloat ;
 But swift as dreams, myself I found
 Within the Pilot's boat. 555

Upon the whirl where sank the ship,
 The boat spun round and round ;
 And all was still, save that the hill
 Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked 560
 And fell down in a fit ;

The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars : the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go, 565
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
"Ha ! ha !" quoth he, "full plain I see
The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree, 570
I stood on the firm land !
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient
Mariner earnestly entreateth
the Hermit to
shrieve him ;
and the penance
of life falls on
him.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man !"
The Hermit crossed his brow. 575
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou !"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale ; 580
And then it left me free,

And ever and
anon through-
out his future
life an agony
constraineth
him to travel
from land to
land ;

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns :
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns. 585

I pass, like night, from land to land ;
I have strange power of speech ;
The moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me :
To him my tale I teach. 590

What loud uproar bursts from that door !
 The wedding-guests are there ;
 But in the garden-bower the bride
 And bride-maids' singing are :
 And hark the little vesper bell, 595
 Which biddeth me to prayer !

O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been
 Alone on a wide, wide sea :
 So lonely 'twas, that God himself
 Scarce seemèd there to be. 600

O sweeter than the marriage feast,
 'Tis sweeter far to me,
 To walk together to the kirk
 With a goodly company !—

To walk together to the kirk, 605
 And all together pray,
 While each to his great Father bends,
 Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
 And youths and maidens gay !

and to teach, by his own ex- ample, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth. Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell 610
 To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !
 He prayeth well who loveth well
 Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best 615
 All things both great and small ;
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
 Whose beard with age is hoar,

Is gone : and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door. 620

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn :
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

TENNYSON

ENOCH ARDEN

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm ;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands ;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster ; then a moulder'd church ; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill ;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows ; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago, 10
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd 15
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn ;
And built their castles of dissolving sand
To watch them overflow'd, or following up 20
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff :
In this the children play'd at keeping house.
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next, 25
While Annie still was mistress ; but at times
Enoch would hold possession for a week :
'This is my house and this my little wife.'
'Mine too,' said Philip 'turn and turn about :'
When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger-made 30
Was master : then would Philip, his blue eyes
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
Shriek out 'I hate you, Enoch,' and at this
The little wife would weep for company,
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake, 35
And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
Was felt by either, either fixt his heart
On that one girl ; and Enoch spoke his love, 40
But Philip loved in silence ; and the girl
Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him ;

But she loved Enoch ; tho' she knew it not,
 And would if asked deny it. Enoch set
 A purpose evermore before his eyes, 45
 To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
 To purchase his own boat, and make a home
 For Annie : and so prosper'd that at last
 A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
 A carefuller in peril, did not breathe 50
 For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast
 Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year
 On board a merchantman, and made himself
 Full sailor ; and he thrice had pluck'd a life
 From the dread sweep of the downstreaming seas : 55
 And all men look'd upon him favourably :
 And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May
 He purchased his own boat, and made a home
 For Annie, neat and nest-like, halfway up
 The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill. 60

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
 The younger people making holiday,
 With bag and sack and basket, great and small,
 Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd
 (His father lying sick and needing him) 65
 An hour behind ; but as he climbed the hill,
 Just where the prone edge of the wood began
 To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
 Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
 His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face 70
 All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,
 That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,
 And in their eyes and faces read his doom ;
 Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,
 And slipt aside, and like a wounded life 75

Crept down into the hollows of the wood ;
 There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking,
 Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past
 Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells, 80
 And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
 Seven happy years of health and competence,
 And mutual love and honourable toil ;
 With children ; first a daughter. In him woke,
 With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish 85
 To save all earnings to the uttermost,
 And give his child a better bringing up
 Than his had been, or hers ; a wish renew'd,
 When two years after came a boy to be
 The rosy idol of her solitudes, 90
 While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
 Or often journeying landward ; for in truth
 Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil
 In ocean-smelling osier and his face,
 Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales, 95
 Not only to the market-cross were known,
 But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
 Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,
 And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,
 Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering. 100

Then came a change, as all things human change.
 Ten miles to northward of the narrow port
 Open'd a larger haven : thither used
 Enoch at times to go by land or sea ;
 And once when there, and clambering on a mast 105
 In harbour, by mischance he slipt and fell :
 A limb was broken when they lifted him ;
 And while he lay recovering there, his wife

Bore him another son, a sickly one :
 Another hand crept too across his trade 110
 Taking her bread and theirs : and on him fell,
 Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,
 Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.
 He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,
 To see his children leading evermore 115
 Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,
 And her, he loved, a beggar : then he pray'd
 'Save them from this, whatever comes to me.'
 And while he pray'd, the master of that ship
 Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance, 120
 Came, for he knew the man and valued him,
 Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
 And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go ?
 There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,
 Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place ? 125
 And Enoch all at once assented to it,
 Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that the shadow of mischance appear'd
 No graver than as when some little cloud
 Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun, 130
 And isles a light in the offing : yet the wife—
 When he was gone—the children—what to do ?
 Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans ;
 To sell the boat—and yet he loved her well—
 How many a rough sea had he weathered in her ! 135
 He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse—
 And yet to sell her—then with what she brought
 Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth in trade
 With all that seamen needed or their wives—
 So might she keep the house while he was gone. 140
 Should he not trade himself out yonder ? go

This voyage more than once? yea, twice or thrice—
As oft as needed—last, returning rich,
Become the master of a larger craft,
With fuller profits lead an easier life, 145
Have all his pretty young ones educated,
And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all :
Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,
Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born. 150
Forward she started with a happy cry,
And laid the feeble infant in his arms ;
Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
Appraised his weight and fondled fatherlike,
But had no heart to break his purposes 155
To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
Her finger, Annie fought against his will :
Yet not with brawling opposition she,
But manifold entreaties, many a tear, 160
Many a sad kiss by day or night renew'd
(Sure that all evil would come out of it)
Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
For her or his dear children, not to go.
He not for his own self caring but her, 165
Her and her children, let her plead in vain ;
So grieving held his will, and bore it thro.'

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,
Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
To fit their little streetward sitting-room 170
With shelf and corner for the goods and stores,
So all day long till Enoch's last at home,
Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,

Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear
 Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang 175
 Till this was ended, and his careful hand,—
 The space was narrow,—having order'd all
 Almost as neat and close as nature packs
 Her blossom or her seedling, paused ; and he,
 Who needs would work for Annie to the last, 180
 Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell
 Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,
 Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.
 Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man 185
 Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery
 Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,
 Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes
 Whatever came to him : and then he said
 ' Annie, this voyage by the grace of God 190
 Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
 Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,
 For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it.'
 Then lightly rocking baby's cradle 'and he,
 This pretty, puny, weakly little one,— 195
 Nay—for I love him all the better for it—
 God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
 And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
 And make him merry, when I come home again.
 Come Annie, come, cheer up before I go.' 200

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,
 And almost hoped herself ; but when he turn'd
 The current of his talk to greater things
 In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
 On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard, 205
 Heard and not heard him ; and as the village girl,

Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke 'O Enoch, you are wise ; 210
And yet for all your wisdom well know I
That I shall look upon your face no more.'

'Well then,' said Enoch, 'I shall look on yours.
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here
(He named the day) get you a seaman's glass, 215
Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears.'

But when the last of those last moments came,
'Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
Look to the babes, and till I come again,
Keep everything shipshape, for I must go. 220
And fear no more for me ; or if you fear
Cast all your cares on God ; that anchor holds.
Is He not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning ? if I flee to these
Can I go from Him ? and the sea is His, 225
The sea is His : He made it.'

Enoch rose,
Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones ;
But for the third, the sickly one, who slept 230
After a night of feverous wakefulness,
When Annie would have raised him Enoch said
'Wake him not ; let him sleep ; how should the child
Remember this ?' and kiss'd him in his cot.
But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt 235
A tiny curl, and gave it : this he kept
Thro' all his future ; but now hastily caught
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She, when the day, that Enoch mention'd, came,
 Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain : perhaps 240
 She could not fix the glass to suit her eye ;
 Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous ;
 She saw him not : and while he stood on deck
 Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail 245
 She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him ;
 Then, tho' she mourned his absence as his grave,
 Set her sad will no less to chime with his,
 But throve not in her trade, not being bred
 To barter, nor compensating the want 250
 By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,
 Nor asking overmuch and taking less,
 And still foreboding 'what would Enoch say ?'
 For more than once, in days of difficulty
 And pressure, had she sold her wares for less 255
 Than what she gave in buying what she sold :
 She failed and sadden'd knowing it ; and thus,
 Expectant of that news which never came,
 Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,
 And lived a life of silent melancholy. 260

Now the third child was sickly-born and grew
 Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it
 With all a mother's care : nevertheless,
 Whether her business often called her from it,
 Or thro' the want of what it needed most, 265
 Or means to pay the voice who best could tell
 What most it needed—howsoe'er it was,
 After a lingering,—ere she was aware,—
 Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
 The little innocent soul flitted away. 270

In that same week when Annie buried it,
 Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace
 (Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),
 Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.
 'Surely' said Philip 'I may see her now, 275
 May be some little comfort;' therefore went,
 Past thro' the solitary room in front,
 Paused for a moment at an inner door,
 Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,
 Enter'd; but Annie, seated with her grief, 280
 Fresh from the burial of her little one,
 Cared not to look on any human face,
 But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept.
 Then Philip standing up said falteringly
 'Annie, I come to ask a favour of you.' 285

He spoke; the passion in her moan'd reply
 'Favour from one so sad and so forlorn
 As I am!' half abashed him; yet unask'd,
 His bashfulness and tenderness at war,
 He set himself beside her, saying to her: 290
 'I came to speak to you of what he wished,
 Enoch, your husband: I have ever said
 You chose the best among us—a strong man:
 For where he fixt his heart he set his hand
 To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'. 295
 And wherefore did he go this weary way,
 And leave you lonely? not to see the world—
 For pleasure?—nay, but for the wherewithal
 To give his babes a better bringing-up
 Than his had been, or yours: that was his wish. 300
 And if he come again, vext will he be
 To find the precious morning hours were lost.
 And it would vex him even in his grave,

If he could know his babes were running wild
 Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now— 305
 Have we not known each other all our lives?
 I do beseech you by the love you bear
 Him and his children not to say me nay—
 For, if you will, when Enoch comes again
 Why then he shall repay me—if you will, 310
 Annie—for I am rich and well-to-do.
 Now let me put the boy and girl to school:
 This is the favour that I came to ask.'

Then Annie with her brows against the wall
 Answer'd 'I cannot look you in the face; 315
 I seem so foolish and so broken down.
 When you came in my sorrow broke me down;
 And now I think your kindness breaks me down;
 But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me:
 He will repay you: money can be repaid; 320
 Not kindness such as yours.'

And Philip ask'd
 'Then you will let me, Annie?'

There she turn'd,
 She rose, and fixed her swimming eyes upon him, 325
 And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,
 Then calling down a blessing on his head
 Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,
 And past into the little garth beyond.
 So lifted up in spirit he moved away. 330

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,
 And bought them needful books, and every way,
 Like one who does his duty by his own,
 Made himself theirs; and tho' for Annie's sake,
 Fearing the lazy gossip of the port, 335

He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,
And seldom crost her threshold, yet he sent
Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,
The late and early roses from his wall,
Or conies from the down, and now and then, 340
With some pretext of fineness in the meal
To save the offence of charitable, flour
From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind :
Scarce could the woman when he came upon her, 345
Out of full heart and boundless gratitude
Light on a broken word to thank him with.
But Philip was her children's all-in-all ;
From distant corners of the street they ran
To greet his hearty welcome heartily ; 350
Lords of his house and of his mill were they ;
Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs
Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him
And call'd him Father Philip. Philip gain'd
As Enoch lost ; for Enoch seem'd to them 355
Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
Down at the far end of an avenue,
Going we know not where : and so ten years,
Since Enoch left his hearth and native land, 360
Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd
To go with others, nutting to the wood,
And Annie would go with them ; then they begg'd
For Father Philip (as they call'd him) too : 365
Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,
Blanch'd with his mill, they found ; and saying to him
'Come with us father Philip' he denied ;

But when the children pluck'd at him to go,
He laugh'd and yielded readily to their wish, 370
For was not Annie with them? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, all her force
Fail'd her; and sighing 'Let me rest' she said; 375
So Philip rested with her well-content;
While all the younger ones with jubilant cries
Broke from their elders, and tumultuously
Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge
To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke 380
The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away
Their tawny clusters, crying to each other
And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot
Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour 385
Here in this wood, when like a wounded life
He crept into the shadow: at last he said
Lifting his honest forehead, 'Listen, Annie,
How merry they are down yonder in the wood.'
'Tired, Annie?' for she did not speak a word. 390
'Tired?' but her face had fallen upon her hands;
At which as with a kind of anger in him,
'The ship was lost,' he said, 'the ship was lost!
No more of that! why should you kill yourself
And make them orphans quite?' And Annie said 395
'I thought not of it: but—I know not why—
Their voices make me feel so solitary.'

Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke.
'Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,
And it has been upon my mind so long, 400

That tho' I know not when it first came there,
 I know that it will out at last. O Annie,
 It is beyond all hope, against all chance,
 That he who left you ten long years ago
 Should still be living ; well then—let me speak : 405
 I grieve to see you poor and wanting help :
 I cannot help you as I wish to do
 Unless—they say that women are so quick—
 Perhaps you know what I would have you know—
 I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove 410
 A father to your children : I do think
 They love me as a father : I am sure
 That I love them as if they were mine own ;
 And I believe, if you were fast my wife,
 That after all these sad uncertain years, 415
 We might be still as happy as God grants
 To any of His creatures. Think upon it :
 For I am well-to-do—no kin, no care,
 No burthen, save my care for you and yours :
 And we have known each other all our lives, 420
 And I have loved you longer than you know.'

Then answer'd Annie ; tenderly she spoke :
 ' You have been as God's good angel in our house.
 God bless you for it, God reward you for it,
 Philip, with something happier than myself. 425
 Can one love twice ? can you be ever loved
 As Enoch was ? what is it that you ask ?'
 ' I am content ' he answer'd ' to be loved
 A little after Enoch.' ' O ' she cried
 Scared as it were ' dear Philip, wait a while : 430
 If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not come—
 Yet wait a year, a year is not so long :
 Surely I shall be wiser in a year :

O wait a little !' Philip sadly said
 'Annie, as I have waited all my life 435
 I well may wait a little.' 'Nay' she cried
 'I am bound : you have my promise—in a year :
 Will you not bide your year as I bide mine ?'
 And Philip answer'd 'I will bide my year.'

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up 440
 Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day
 Pass from the Danish barrow overhead ;
 Then fearing night and chill for Annie, rose
 And sent his voice beneath him thro' the wood.
 Up came the children laden with their spoil ; 445
 Then all descended to the port, and there
 At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,
 Saying gently 'Annie, when I spoke to you,
 That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong.
 I am always bound to you, but you are free.' 450
 Then Annie weeping answer'd 'I am bound.'

She spoke ; and in one moment as it were,
 While yet she went about her household ways,
 Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,
 That he had lov'd her longer than she knew, 455
 That autumn into autumn flash'd again,
 And there he stood once more before her face,
 Claiming her promise. 'Is it a year ?' she ask'd.
 'Yes, if the nuts' he said 'be ripe again :
 Come out and see.' But she—she put him off— 460
 So much to look to—such a change—a month—
 Give her a month—she knew that she was bound—
 A month—no more. Then Philip with his eyes
 Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice
 Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand, 465
 'Take your own time, Annie, take your own time.

And Annie could have wept for pity of him ;
And yet she held him on delayingly
With many a scarce-believable excuse,
Trying his truth and his long-sufferance, 470
Till half-another year had slipped away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,
Abhorrent of a calculation crost
Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.
Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her ; 475
Some that she but held off to draw him on ;
And others laugh'd at her and Philip too,
As simple folk that knew not their own minds ;
And one, in whom all evil fancies clung
Like serpents eggs together, laughingly 480
Would hint at worse in either. Her own son
Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish ;
But evermore the daughter prest upon her
To wed the man so dear to all of them
And lift the household out of poverty ; 485
And Philip's rosy face contracting grew
Careworn and wan ; and all these things fell on her
Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly 490
Pray'd for a sign ' my Enoch is he gone ? '
Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night
Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,
Started from bed, and struck herself a light,
Then desperately seized the holy Book, 495
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
Suddenly put her finger on the text,
' Under a palmtree.' That was nothing to her :
No meaning there : she closed the Book and slept :

When lo ! her Enoch sitting on a height, 500
 Under a palmtree, over him the Sun :
 'He is gone,' she thought, 'he is happy, he is singing
 Hosanna in the highest : yonder shines
 The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms
 Whereof the happy people strowing cried 505
 "Hosanna in the highest!"' Here she woke,
 Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him
 'There is no reason why we should not wed.'
 'Then for God's sake,' he answer'd, 'both our sakes,
 So you will wed me, let it be at once.' 510

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
 Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.
 But never merrily beat Annie's heart.
 A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,
 She knew not whence ; a whisper on her ear, 515
 She knew not what ; nor loved she to be left
 Alone at home nor ventured out alone.
 What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd, often
 Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,
 Fearing to enter : Philip thought he knew : 520
 Such doubts and fears were common to her state,
 Being with child : but when her child was born,
 Then her new child was as herself renew'd,
 Then the new mother came about her heart,
 Then her good Philip was her all-in-all, 525
 And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

And where was Enoch ? prosperously sail'd
 The ship 'Good Fortune,' tho' at setting forth
 The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook
 And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvext 530
 She slipt across the summer of the world,
 Then after a long tumble about the Cape

And frequent interchange of foul and fair,
She passing thro' the summer world again,
The breath of heaven came continually 535
And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,
Till silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought
Quaint monsters for the market of those times,
A gilded dragon also for the babes. 540

Less lucky her home-voyage : at first indeed
Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-head
Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows :
Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable, 545
Then baffling, a long course of them ; and last
Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens
Till hard upon the cry of 'breakers' came
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
But Enoch and two others. Half the night, 550
Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,
These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn
Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human sustenance,
Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots ; 555
Nor save for pity was it hard to take
The helpless life so wild that it was tame.
There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge
They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a hut,
Half hut, half native cavern. So the three, 560
Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,

Lay lingering out a three years' death-in-life. 565
 They could not leave him. After he was gone,
 The two remaining found a fallen stem ;
 And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,
 Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell
 Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone. 570
 In those two deaths he read God's warning 'wait.'

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
 And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
 The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
 The lightning flash of insect and of bird, 575
 The lustre of the long convolvuluses
 That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
 Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
 And glories of the broad belt of the world,
 All these he saw ; but what he fain had seen 580
 He could not see, the kindly human face,
 Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
 The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
 The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
 The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd 585
 And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
 Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
 As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
 Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
 A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail : 590
 No sail from day to day, but every day
 The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
 Among the palms and ferns and precipices ;
 The blaze upon the waters to the east ;
 The blaze upon his island overhead ; 595
 The blaze upon the waters to the west ;
 Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,

The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch, 600
So still, the golden lizard on him paused,
A phantom made of many phantoms moved
Before him haunting him, or he himself
Moved haunting people, things and places, known
Far in a darker isle beyond the line ; 605
The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,
The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
November dawns and dewy-glooming downs, 610
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-colour'd seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
Tho' faintly, merrily—far and far away—
He heard the pealing of his parish bells ; 615
Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up
Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle
Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart
Spoken with That, which being everywhere
Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone, 620
Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head
The sunny and rainy seasons came and went
Year after year. His hopes to see his own,
And pace the sacred old familiar fields, 625
Not yet had perished, when his lonely doom
Came suddenly to an end. Another ship
(She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,
Like the Good Fortune, from her destined course,

Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay : 630
 For since the mate had seen at early dawn
 Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle
 The silent water slipping from the hills,
 They sent a crew that landing burst away
 In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores 635
 With clamour. Downward from his mountain gorge
 Stept the long-hair'd, long-bearded solitary,
 Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
 Muttering and mumbling, idiotlike it seem'd,
 With inarticulate rage, and making signs 640
 They knew not what : and yet he led the way
 To where the rivulets of sweet water ran ;
 And ever as he mingled with the crew,
 And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue
 Was loosen'd, till he made them understand ; 645
 Whom, when their casks were fill'd they took aboard :
 And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,
 Scarce credited at first but more and more,
 Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it :
 And clothes they gave him and free passage home ; 650
 But oft he work'd among the rest and shook
 His isolation from him. None of these
 Came from his county, or could answer him,
 If question'd, aught of what he cared to know.
 And dull the voyage was with long delays, 655
 The vessel scarce sea-worthy ; but evermore
 His fancy fled before the lazy wind
 Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
 He like a lover down thro' all his blood
 Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath 660
 Of England, blown across her ghostly wall :
 And that same morning officers and men
 Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,

Pitying the lonely man and gave him it:
Then moving up the coast they landed him, 665
Ev'n in that harbour whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to anyone,
But homeward—home—what home? had he a home?
His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,
Sunny but chill; till drawn thro' either chasm, 670
Where either haven open'd on the deeps,
Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray;
Cut off the length of highway on before,
And left but narrow breadth to left and right
Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage. 675
On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped
Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down:
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom;
Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light 680
Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,
His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home
Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes 685
In those far-off seven happy years were born;
But finding neither light nor murmur there
(A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept
Still downward thinking 'dead or dead to me!'

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went, 690
Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
A front of timber-crost antiquity,
So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,
He thought it must have gone; but he was gone
Who kept it; and his widow, Miriam Lane, 695

With daily-dwindling profits held the house ;
A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
Still, with yet a bed for wandering men.
There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous, 700
Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
Told him with other annals of the port,
Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bow'd
So broken—all the story of his house.
His baby's death, her growing poverty, 705
How Philip put her little ones to school,
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth
Of Philip's child : and o'er his countenance
No shadow past, nor motion : anyone, 710
Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale
Less than the teller : only when she closed
'Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost'
He, shaking his gray head pathetically,
Repeated muttering 'cast away and lost ;' 715
Again in deeper inward whispers 'lost !'

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again ;
'If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she is happy.' So the thought
Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth, 720
At evening when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below ;
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by 725
The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures

The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life. 730

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landward ; but behind,
With one small gate that open'd on the waste,
Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd :
And in it throve an ancient evergreen, 735
A yewtree, and all around it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it
But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole
Up by the wall, behind the yew ; and thence
That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs 740
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board
Sparkled and shone ; so genial was the hearth :
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times, 745
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees ;
And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring 750
To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,
Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd :
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him, 755
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee, 760

And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
 And his own children tall and beautiful,
 And him, that other, reigning in his place,
 Lord of his rights and of his children's love,—
 Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all, 765
 Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
 Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd
 To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
 Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
 Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth. 770

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
 Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
 And feeling all along the garden-wall,
 Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
 Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed, 775
 As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
 Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
 Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
 His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd. 780

'Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
 O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
 That did'st uphold me on my lonely isle,
 Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
 A little longer! aid me, give me strength 785
 Not to tell her, never to let her know.
 Help me not to break in upon her peace.
 My children too! must I not speak to these?
 They know me not. I should betray myself.
 Never: no father's kiss for me—the girl 790
 So like her mother, and the boy, my son.'

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little,
 And he lay tranced ; but when he rose and paced
 Back toward his solitary home again,
 All down the long and narrow street he went 795
 Beating it in upon his weary brain,
 As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
 'Not to tell her, never to let her know.'

He was not all unhappy. His resolve
 Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore 800
 Prayer from the living source within the will.
 And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
 Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
 Kept him a living soul. 'This miller's wife'
 He said to Miriam 'that you told me of, 805
 Has she no fear that her first husband lives?'
 'Ay, ay, poor soul' said Miriam, 'fear enow !
 If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
 Why, that would be her comfort ;' and he thought.
 'After the Lord has call'd me she shall know, 810
 I wait his time' and Enoch set himself,
 Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.
 Almost to all things could he turn his hand.
 Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought
 To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd 815
 At lading and unlading the tall barks,
 That brought the stinted commerce of those days ;
 Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself :
 Yet since he did but labour for himself,
 Work without hope, there was not life in it 820
 Whereby the man could live ; and as the year
 Roll'd itself round again to meet the day
 When Enoch had return'd, a languor came
 Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually

Weakening the man, till he could do no more, 825
 But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
 And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.
 For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
 See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall
 The boat that bears the hope of life approach 830
 To save the life despair'd of, than he saw
 Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope
 On Enoch thinking 'after I am gone, .
 Then may she learn I loved her to the last.' 835
 He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said
 'Woman, I have a secret—only swear,
 Before I tell you—swear upon the book
 Not to reveal it, till you see me dead.'
 'Dead,' clamour'd the good woman, 'hear him talk ! 840
 I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round.'
 'Swear' added Enoch sternly 'on the book.'
 And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
 Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her,
 'Did you know Enoch Arden of this town ?' 845
 'Know him ?' she said 'I knew him far away.
 Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street ;
 Held his head high, and cared for no man, he.'
 Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her ;
 'His head is low, and no man cares for him. 850
 I think I have not three days more to live ;
 I am the man.' At which the woman gave
 A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.
 'You Arden, you ! nay,—sure he was a foot
 Higher than you be.' Enoch said again 855
 'My God has bow'd me down to what I am ;
 My grief and solitude have broken me ;

Nevertheless, know you that I am he
Who married—but that name has twice been changed—
I married her who married Philip Ray. 860
Sit, listen.' Then he told her of his voyage,
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
And how he kept it. As the woman heard,
Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears, 865
While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly
To rush abroad all round the little haven,
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes ;
But awed and promise-bounden she forebore,
Saying only 'See your bairns before you go ! 870
Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden,' and arose
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
A moment on her words, but then replied :
'Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die. 875
Sit down again ; mark me and understand,
While I have power to speak. I charge you now,
When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her ;
Save for the bar between us, loving her 880
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him. 885
And say to Philip that I blest him too ;
He never meant us any thing but good.
But if my children care to see me dead,
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
I am their father ; but she must not come, 890
For my dead face would vex her after-life.

And now there is but one of all my blood,
 Who will embrace me in the world-to-be :
 This hair is his : she cut it off and gave it,
 And I have borne it with me all these years, 895
 And thought to bear it with me to my grave ;
 But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
 My babe in bliss : wherefore when I am gone,
 Take, give her this, for it may comfort her :
 It will moreover be a token to her, 900
 That I am he.'

He ceased ; and Miriam Lane
 Made such a voluble answer promising all,
 That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her
 Repeating all he wish'd, and once again 905
 She promised.

Then the third night after this,
 While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
 And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
 There came so loud a calling of the sea, 910
 That all the houses in the haven rang.
 He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad
 Crying with a loud voice 'a sail ! a sail !
 I am saved' ; and so fell back and spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away. 915
 And when they buried him the little port
 Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

I.

My hair is gray, but not with years,
 Nor grew it white
 In a single night,
 As men's have grown from sudden fears ;
 My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil, 5
 But rusted with a vile repose,
 For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
 And mine has been the fate of those
 To whom the goodly earth and air
 Are bann'd, and barr'd—forbidden fare ; 10
 But this was for my father's faith
 I suffer'd chains and courted death ;
 That father perish'd at the stake
 For tenets he would not forsake ;
 And for the same his lineal race 15
 In darkness found a dwelling-place ;
 We were seven—who now are one,
 Six in youth, and one in age,
 Finish'd as they had begun,
 Proud of Persecution's rage ; 20
 One in fire, and two in field,
 Their belief with blood have seal'd ;
 Dying as their father died,
 For the God their foes denied ;
 Three were in a dungeon cast, 25
 Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
 In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
 There are seven columns, massy and gray,

Dim with a dull imprison'd ray, 30
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left ;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp ; 35
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain ;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away, 40
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years—I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score 45
When my last brother droop'd and died
And I lay living by his side.

III.

They chain'd us each to a column stone
And we were three—yet, each alone ;
We could not move a single pace, 50
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight ;
And thus together—yet apart
Fetter'd in hand, but joined in heart ; 55
'Twas still some solace in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each
With some new hope, or legend old, 60
Or song heroically bold ;

But even these at length grew cold.
 Our voices took a dreary tone,
 An echo of the dungeon-stone,
 A grating sound—not full and free 65
 As they of yore were wont to be ;
 It might be fancy—but to me
 They never sounded like our own.

IV.

I was the eldest of the three,
 And to uphold and cheer the rest 70
 I ought to do—and did—my best,
 And each did well in his degree.
 The youngest, whom my father loved
 Because our mother's brow was given
 To him—with eyes as blue as heaven— 75
 For him my soul was sorely moved ;
 And truly might it be distress
 To see such bird in such a nest ;
 For he was beautiful as day—
 (When day was beautiful to me 80
 As to young eagles, being free)—
 A polar day, which will not see
 A sunset till its summer's gone,
 Its sleepless summer of long light,
 The snow-clad offspring of the sun ; 85
 And thus he was as pure and bright,
 And in his natural spirit gay,
 With tears for nought but others' ills,
 And then they flowed like mountain rills,
 Unless he could assuage the woe 90
 Which he abhorr'd to view below.

V.

The other was as pure of mind,
But form'd to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood, 95
And perish'd in the foremost rank
With joy :—but not in chains to pine :
His spirit wither'd with their clank,
I saw it silently decline—
And so perchance in sooth did mine ; 100
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had follow'd there the deer and wolf ;
To him this dungeon was a gulf, 105
And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

VI.

Lake Lemán lies by Chillon's walls :
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow ;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent 110
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave intrals :
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made - and like a living grave.
Below the surface of the lake 115
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
We heard it ripple night and day ;
Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd ;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high, 120
And wanton in the happy sky ;
And then the very rock hath rock'd.

And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,
 Because I could have smiled to see
 The death that would have set me free. 125

VII.

I said my nearer brother pined,
 I said his mighty heart declined,
 He loathed and put away his food :
 It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
 For we were used to hunter's fare, 130
 And for the like had little care :
 The milk drawn from the mountain goat
 Was changed for water from the moat,
 Our bread was such as captives' tears
 Have moisten'd many a thousand years, 135
 Since man first pent his fellow-men
 Like brutes within an iron den :
 But what were these to us or him ?
 These wasted not his heart or limb ;
 My brother's soul was of that mould 140
 Which in a palace had grown cold,
 Had his free breathing been denied
 The range of the steep mountain's side ;
 But why delay the truth ?—he died.
 I saw, and could not hold his head, 145
 Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead—
 Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
 To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
 He died—and they unlock'd his chain,
 And scoop'd for him a shallow grave 150
 Even from the cold earth of our cave.
 I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay
 His corse in dust whereon the day
 Might shine—it was a foolish thought,

But then within my brain it wrought, 155
 That even in death his free-born breast
 In such a dungeon could not rest.
 I might have spared my idle prayer—
 They coldly laugh'd—and laid him there :
 The flat and turfless earth above 160
 The being we so much did love ;
 His empty chain above it leant,
 Such murder's fitting monument !

VIII.

But he, the favourite and the flower,
 Most cherish'd since his natal hour, 165
 His mother's image in fair face,
 The infant love of all his race,
 His martyr'd father's dearest thought
 My latest care, for whom I sought
 To hoard my life, that his might be 170
 Less wretched now, and one day free ;
 He, too, who yet had held untired
 A spirit natural or inspired—
 He, too, was struck, and day by day
 Was wither'd on the stalk away. 175
 O God ! it is a fearful thing
 To see the human soul take wing
 In any shape, in any mood :—
 I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
 I've seen it on the breaking ocean 180
 Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
 I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
 Of Sin delirious with its dread :
 But these were horrors—this was woe
 Unmixed with such—but sure and slow ; 185
 He faded, and so calm and meek,

So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
And grieved for those he left behind ;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom 190
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray—
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright, 195
And not a word of murmur—not
A groan o'er his untimely lot—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost 200
In this last loss, of all the most ;
And then the sighs he would suppress,
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less ;
I listen'd, but I could not hear— 205
I call'd, for I was wild with fear ;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished ;
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound, 210
And rush'd to him :—I found him not,
I only stirr'd in this black spot,
I only lived—*I* only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew ;
The last—the sole—the dearest link 215
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath—
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe. 220

I took that hand which lay so still,
 Alas! my own was full as chill;
 I had not strength to stir, or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive—
 A frantic feeling, when we know 225
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.

I know not why
 I could not die,
 I had no earthly hope—but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death. 230

IX.

What next befell me then and there
 I know not well—I never knew—
 First came the loss of light, and air,
 And then of darkness too :
 I had no thought, no feeling—none— 235
 Among the stones I stood a stone,
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
 As shrubless crags within the mist;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and gray,
 It was not night—it was not day, 240
 It was not even the dungeon-light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight,
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness—without a place;
 There were no stars—no earth—no time— 245
 No check—no change—no good—no crime
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death;
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless ! 250

X.

A light broke in upon my brain—

It was the carol of a bird ;

It ceased, and then it came again,

The sweetest song ear ever heard,

And mine was thankful till my eyes 255

Ran over with the glad surprise,

And they that moment could not see

I was the mate of misery ;

But then by dull degrees came back

My senses to their wonted track, 260

I saw the dungeon walls and floor

Close slowly round me as before,

I saw the glimmer of the sun

Creeping as it before had done,

But through the crevice where it came 265

That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,

And tamer than upon the tree ;

A lovely bird, with azure wings,

And song that said a thousand things,

And seem'd to say them all for me ! 270

I never saw its like before,

I ne'er shall see its likeness more :

It seem'd, like me, to want a mate,

But was not half so desolate,

And it was come to love me when 275

None lived to love me so again,

And cheering from my dungeon's brink,

Had brought me back to feel and think.

I know not if it late were free,

Or broke its cage to perch on mine, 280

But knowing well captivity,

Sweet bird ! I could not wish for thine !

Or if it were, in winged guise,

A visitant from Paradise ;
For—Heaven forgive that thought ! the while 285
Which made me both to weep and smile—
I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me ;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal—well I knew, 290
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone—
Lone—as the corse within its shroud,
Lone—as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a sunny day, 295
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

XI.

A kind of change came in my fate, 300
My keepers grew compassionate,
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was :—my broken chain
With links unfasten'd did remain, 305
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part ;
And round the pillars one by one, 310
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod ;
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed, 315

My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

XII.

I made a footing in the wall,
It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all, 320
Who loved me in a human shape ;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me :
No child—no sire—no kin had I,
No partner in my misery ; 325
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad ;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barr'd windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high, 330
The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII.

I saw them—and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame ;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide long lake below, 335
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow ;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush ;
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down ; 340
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view ;
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor ; 345

But in it there were three tall trees,
 And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
 And by it there were waters flowing,
 And on it there were young flowers growing,
 Of gentle breath and hue. 350
 The fish swam by the castle wall,
 And they seem'd joyous each and all ;
 The eagle rode the rising blast,
 Methought he never flew so fast
 As then to me he seem'd to fly, 355
 And then new tears came in my eye,
 And I felt troubled—and would fain
 I had not left my recent chain ;
 And when I did descend again,
 The darkness of my dim abode 360
 Fell on me as a heavy load ;
 It was as is a new-dug grave,
 Closing o'er one we sought to save,
 And yet my glance, too much opprest,
 Had almost need of such a rest. 365

XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days,
 I kept no count—I took no note,
 I had no hope my eyes to raise,
 And clear them of their dreary mote ;
 At last men came to set me free, 370
 I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where.
 It was at length the same to me,
 Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
 I learn'd to love despair.
 And thus when they appear'd at last, 375
 And all my bonds aside were cast,
 These heavy walls to me had grown

A hermitage—and all my own !
 And half I felt as they were come
 To tear me from a second home : 380
 With spiders I had friendship made,
 And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
 Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
 And why should I feel less than they ?
 We were all inmates of one place, 385
 And I, the monarch of each race,
 Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell !
 In quiet we had learn'd to dwell—
 My very chains and I grew friends,
 So much a long communion tends 390
 To make us what we are :—Even I
 Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight, 5
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain 10
 Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell forever laid, 15
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed. 20

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield, 25
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure; 30
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th'inevitable hour, 35
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud; impute to these the fault,
 If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise. 40

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid 45
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page 50
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathom'd cavè of ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, 55
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little Tyrant of his fields withstood,
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood. 60

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone 65
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
 Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame, 70
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life 75
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. 80

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey, 85
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires; 90
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led, 95
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn: 100

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn, 105
 Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
 Now drooping woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
 Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree; 110
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him
 borne:—
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay 115
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
 A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own. 120

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompense as largely send;
 He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose, 125
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

THE POET'S TALE.

It was the season, when through all the land
 The merle and mavis build, and building sing
 Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,
 Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-heart King;
 When on the boughs the purple buds expand,
 The banners of the vanguard of the Spring,
 And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
 And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the blue-bird, piping loud,
 Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee; 10
 The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
 Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;
 And hungry crows assembled in a crowd,
 Clamoured their piteous prayer incessantly,
 Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said:
 "Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread!"

The Parson, too appeared, a man austere,
The instinct of whose nature was to kill ; 50
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,
And read, with fervour, Edwards on the Will ;
His favourite pastime was to slay the deer
In summer on some Adirondac hill ;
E'en now, while walking down the rural lane,
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
The hill of Science with its vane of brass,
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass, 60
And all absorbed in reveries profound
Of fair Almira in the upper class,
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
As pure as water, and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door,
In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow ;
A suit of sable bombazine he wore ;
His form was ponderous, and his step was slow
There never was so wise a man before ;
He seemed the incarnate "Well, I told you so !" 70
And to perpetuate his great renown
There was a treet named after him in town.

These came together in the new town-hall,
With sundry farmers from the region round,
The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
His air impressive and his reasoning sound ;
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small ;
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
But enemies enough, who every one
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun. 80

When they had ended, from his place apart,
 Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
 And, trembling like a steed before the start,
 Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng;
 Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart
 To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,
 Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
 And quite determined not to be laughed down.

“Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,
 From his republic banished without pity 90
 The Poets; in this little town of yours,
 You put to death, by means of a Committee,
 The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,
 The street-musicians of the heavenly city,
 The birds, who make sweet music for us all
 In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

“The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
 From the green steeples of the piny wood;
 The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
 Jargoning like a foreigner at his food, 100
 The blue-bird balanced on some topmost spray
 Flooding with melody the neighbourhood;
 Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
 That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

“You slay them all! and wherefore? for the gain
 Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
 Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
 Scratched up at random by industrious feet,
 Searching for worm or weevil after rain!
 Or a few cherries that are not so sweet 110
 As are the songs these uninvited guests
 Sing at their feasts with comfortable breasts.

“Do you ne’er think what wondrous beings these ?

Do you ne’er think who made them, and who taught

The dialect they speak, where melodies

Alone are the interpreters of thought ?

Whose household words are songs in many keys,

Sweeter than instrument of man e’er caught !

Whose habitations in the tree-tops even

Are half-way houses on the road to heaven !

120

“Think, every morning when the sun peeps through

The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,

How jubilant the happy birds renew

Their old melodious madrigals of love !

And when you think of this, remember too

’Tis always morning somewhere, and above

The awakening continents, from shore to shore,

Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

“Think of your woods and orchards without birds !

Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams

As in an idiot’s brain remembered words

Hang empty ’mid the cobwebs of his dreams !

Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds

Make up for the lost music, when your teams

Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more

The feathered gleaners follow to your door ?

130

“What ! would you rather see the incessant stir

Of insects in the windrows of the hay,

And hear the locust and the grasshopper

Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play ?

Is this more pleasant to you than the whirr

Of meadow-lark, and its sweet roundelay,

Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take

Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake ?

140

"You call them thieves and pillagers ; but know
They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms ;
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man-at-arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

150

"How can I teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The selfsame light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?"

160

With this he closed ; and through the audience went
A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves :
The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
Their yellow heads together like their sheaves ;
Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment
Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.
The birds were doomed, and, as the record shows,
A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,
Who had no voice nor vote in making laws,
But in the papers read his little speech,
And crowned his modest temples with applause ;
They made him conscious, each one more than each,
He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.
Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee,
O fair Almira at the Academy !

170

And so the dreadful massacre began ;
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran,
Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their breast, 180
Or wounded crept away from sight of man,
While the young died of famine in their nests ;
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds !

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead ;
The days were like hot coals ; the very ground
Was burned to ashes ; in the orchard fed
Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden beds
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found 190
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,
Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly
Slaughtered the innocents. From the trees spun down
The canker-worms upon the passers-by,
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,
Who shook them off with just a little cry ;
They were the terror of each favourite walk,
The endless theme of all the village talk. 200

The farmers grew impatient, but a few
Confessed their error, and would not complain,
For after all, the best thing one can do
When it is raining, is to let it rain.
Then they repealed the law, although they knew
It would not call the dead to life again ;
As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came

Without the light of his majestic look,

210

The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,

The illumined pages of his Doom's-Day book.

A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,

And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,

While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,

Lamenting the dead children of the air !

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,

A sight that never yet by bard was sung,

As great a wonder as it would have been

If some dumb animal had found a tongue !

220

A wagon, overarched with evergreen,

Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,

All full of singing birds came down the street,

Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,

By order of the town, with anxious quest,

And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought

In woods and fields the places they loved best,

Singing loud canticles, which many thought

Were satires to the authorities addressed,

230

While others, listening in green lanes, averred

Such lovely music never had been heard !

But blither still and louder carolled they

Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know

It was the fair Almira's wedding-day,

And everywhere, around, above, below,

When the Preceptor bore his bride away,

Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,

And a new heaven bent over a new earth

Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

240

MICHAEL.

A PASTORAL POEM.

If from the public way you turn your steps
 Up the tumultuous brook of Greenhead Ghyll,
 You will suppose that with an upright path
 Your feet must struggle ; in such bold ascent
 The pastoral mountains front you, face to face. 5
 But, courage ! for around that boisterous brook
 The mountains have all opened out themselves,
 And made a hidden valley of their own.
 No habitation can be seen ; but they
 Who journey thither find themselves alone 10
 With a few sheep, with rocks and stones, and kites
 That overhead are sailing in the sky.
 It is, in truth, an utter solitude ;
 Nor should I have made mention of this Dell
 But for one object which you might pass by, 15
 Might see and notice not. Beside the brook
 Appears a straggling heap of unhewn stones :
 And to that simple object appertains,
 A story—unenriched with strange events,
 Yet not unfit, I deem, for the fireside, 20
 Or for the summer shade. It was the first
 Of those domestic tales that spake to me
 Of shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men
 Whom I already loved :—not verily
 For their own sakes, but for the fields and hills 25
 Where was their occupation and abode.
 And hence this Tale, while I was yet a Boy
 Careless of books, yet having felt the power
 Of Nature, by the gentle agency
 Of natural objects, led me on to feel 30

For passions that were not my own, and think
(At random and imperfectly indeed)

On man, the heart of man, and human life.

Therefore, although it be a history

Homely and rude, I will relate the same

35

For the delight of a few natural hearts ;

And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake

Of youthful Poets, who among these hills

Will be my second self when I am gone.

Upon the forest-side in Grasmere Vale

40

There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his name ;

An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb.

His bodily frame had been from youth to age

Of an unusual strength : his mind was keen,

Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs,

45

And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt

And watchful more than ordinary men.

Hence had he learned the meaning of all winds,

Of blasts of every tone ; and, oftentimes,

When others heeded not, he heard the South

50

Make subterraneous music, like the noise

Of bagpipers on distant Highland hills.

The Shepherd, at such warning, of his flock

Bethought him, and he to himself would say,

“The winds are now devising work for me !”

55

And, truly, at all times, the storm, that drives

The traveller to a shelter, summoned him

Up to the mountains : he had been alone

Amid the heart of many thousand mists,

That came to him, and left him, on the heights.

60

So lived he till his eightieth year was past.

And grossly that man errs, who should suppose

That the green valleys, and the streams and rocks,

Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's thoughts.
 Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had breathed 65
 The common air ; hills, which with vigorous step
 He had so often climbed ; which had impressed
 So many incidents upon his mind
 Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear ;
 Which, like a book, preserved the memory 70
 Of the dumb animals whom he had saved,
 Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts,
 The certainty of honourable gain ;
 Those fields, those hills,—what could they less?—had laid
 Strong hold on his affections, were to him 75
 A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
 The pleasure which there is in life itself.

His days had not been passed in singleness.
 His Helpmate was a comely matron, old—
 Though younger than himself full twenty years. 80
 She was a woman of a stirring life,
 Whose heart was in her house : two wheels she had
 Of antique form ; this large, for spinning wool ;
 That small, for flax ; and if one wheel had rest
 It was because the other was at work. 85
 The Pair had but one inmate in their house,
 An only Child, who had been born to them
 When Michael, telling o'er his years, began
 To deem that he was old,—in shepherd's phrase,
 With one foot in the grave. This only Son, 90
 With two brave sheep-dogs tried in many a storm,
 The one of an inestimable worth,
 Made all their household. I may truly say,
 That they were as a proverb in the vale
 For endless industry. When day was gone, 95
 And from their occupations out of doors

The Son and Father were come home, even then,
Their labour did not cease ; unless when all
Turned to the cleanly supper-board, and there,
Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed milk, 100
Sat round the basket piled with oaten cakes,
And their plain home-made cheese. Yet when the meal
Was ended, Luke (for so the Son was named)
And his old Father both betook themselves
To such convenient work as might employ 105
Their hands by the fireside ; perhaps to card
Wool for the Housewife's spindle, or repair
Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe,
Or other implement of house or field.

Down from the ceiling, by the chimney's edge, 110
That in our ancient uncouth country style
With a huge and black projection overbrowed
Large space beneath, as duly as the light
Of day grew dim the Housewife hung a lamp ;
An aged utensil, which had performed 115
Service beyond all others of its kind.
Early at evening did it burn—and late,
Surviving comrade of uncounted hours,
Which, going by from year to year, had found,
And left the couple neither gay perhaps 120
Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with hopes,
Living a life of eager industry.
And now, when Luke had reached his eighteenth year,
There by the light of this old lamp they sate,
Father and Son, while late into the night 125
The Housewife plied her own peculiar work,
Making the cottage through the silent hours
Murmur as with the sound of summer flies.
This light was famous in its neighbourhood,

And was a public symbol of the life 130
 The thrifty Pair had lived. For, as it chanced,
 Their cottage on a plot of rising ground
 Stood single, with large prospect, north and south,
 High into Easdale, up to Dunmail-Raise,
 And westward to the village near the lake ; 135
 And from this constant light, so regular
 And so far seen, the House itself, by all
 Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,
 Both old and young, was named THE EVENING STAR.

Thus living on through such a length of years, 140
 The Shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs
 Have loved his Helpmate ; but to Michael's heart
 This son of his old age was yet more dear—
 Less from instinctive tenderness, the same
 Fond spirit that blindly works in the blood of all— 145
 Than that a child, more than all other gifts
 That earth can offer to declining man,
 Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts,
 And stirrings of inquietude, when they
 By tendency of nature needs must fail. 150
 Exceeding was the love he bare to him,
 His heart and his heart's joy ! For oftentimes
 Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,
 Had done him female service, not alone
 For pastime and delight, as is the use 155
 Of fathers, but with patient mind enforced
 To acts of tenderness ; and he had rocked
 His cradle, as with a woman's gentle hand.

And, in a later time, ere yet the Boy
 Had put on boy's attire, did Michael love, 160
 Albeit of a stern, unbending mind,
 To have the Young-one in his sight, when he

Wrought in the field, or on his shepherd's stool
 Sate with a fettered sheep before him stretched
 Under the large old oak, that near his door 165
 Stood single, and, from matchless depth of shade,
 Chosen for the Shearer's covert from the sun,
 Thence in our rustic dialect was called
 The CLIPPING TREE, a name which yet it bears.
 There, while they two were sitting in the shade, 170
 With others round them, earnest all and blithe,
 Would Michael exercise his heart with looks
 Of fond correction and reproof bestowed
 Upon the Child, if he disturbed the sheep
 By catching at their legs, or with his shouts 175
 Scared them, while they lay still beneath the shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace the boy grew up
 A healthy Lad, and carried in his cheek
 Two steady roses that were five years old ;
 Then Michael from a winter coppice cut 180
 With his own hand a sapling, which he hooped
 With iron, making it throughout in all
 Due requisites a perfect shepherd's staff,
 And gave it to the Boy ; wherewith equipt
 He as a watchman oftentimes was placed 185
 At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock ;
 And, to his office prematurely called,
 There stood the urchin, as you will divine,
 Something between a hindrance and a help ;
 And for this cause, not always, I believe, 190
 Receiving from his Father hire of praise ;
 Though nought was left undone which staff, or voice,
 Or looks, or threatening gestures, could perform.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could stand
 Against the mountain blasts, and to the heights. 195

Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways,
 He with his Father daily went, and they
 Were as companions, why should I relate
 That objects which the Shepherd loved before
 Were dearer now ? that from the Boy there came 200
 Feelings and emanations—things which were
 Light to the sun and music to the wind :
 And that the old Man's heart seemed born again ?

Thus in his father's sight the Boy grew up :
 And now, when he had reached his eighteenth year, 205
 He was his comfort and his daily hope.

While in this sort the simple household lived
 From day to day, to Michael's ear there came
 Distressful tidings. Long before the time
 Of which I speak, the Shepherd had been bound 210
 In surety for his brother's son, a man
 Of an industrious life, and ample means ;
 But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly
 Had prest upon him ; and old Michael now
 Was summoned to discharge the forfeiture, 215
 A grievous penalty, but little less
 Than half his substance. This unlooked-for claim,
 At the first hearing, for a moment took
 More hope out of his life than he supposed
 That any old man ever could have lost. 220
 As soon as he had armed himself with strength
 To look his trouble in the face, it seemed
 The Shepherd's sole resource to sell at once
 A portion of his patrimonial fields.
 Such was his first resolve ; he thought again, 225
 And his heart failed him. " Isabel," said he,
 Two evenings after he had heard the news,
 " I have been toiling more than seventy years,

And in the open sunshine of God's love
 Have we all lived ; yet if these fields of ours 230
 Should pass into a stranger's hand, I think
 That I could not lie quiet in my grave.
 Our lot is a hard lot : the sun himself
 Has scarcely been more diligent than I ;
 And I have lived to be a fool at last 235
 To my own family. An evil man
 That was, and made an evil choice, if he
 Were false to us ; and if he were not false,
 There are ten thousand to whom loss like this
 Had been no sorrow. I forgive him ;—but 240
 'Twere better to be dumb than to talk thus.

When I began, my purpose was to speak
 Of remedies and of a cheerful hope.
 Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel ; the land
 Shall not go from us, and it shall be free ; 245
 He shall possess it, free as is the wind
 That passes over it. We have, thou know'st,
 Another kinsman—he will be our friend
 In this distress. He is a prosperous man,
 Thriving in trade—and Luke to him shall go, 250
 And with his kinsman's help and his own thrift
 He quickly will repair this loss, and then
 He may return to us. If here he stay,
 What can be done ? Where every one is poor,
 What can be gained ?"

At this the old Man paused, 255
 And Isabel sat silent, for her mind
 Was busy, looking back into past times.
 There's Richard Bateman, thought she to herself,
 He was a parish-boy—at the church-door
 They made a gathering for him, shillings, pence 260

And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbours bought
 A basket, which they filled with pedlar's wares ;
 And, with this basket on his arm, the lad
 Went up to London, found a master there,
 Who, out of many, chose the trusty boy 265
 To go and overlook his merchandise
 Beyond the seas ; where he grew wondrous rich,
 And left estates and monies to the poor,
 And, at his birth-place, built a chapel, floored
 With marble, which he sent from foreign lands. 270
 These thoughts, and many others of like sort,
 Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel,
 And her face brightened. The old Man was glad,
 And thus resumed :—" Well, Isabel ! this scheme
 These two days, has been meat and drink to me. 275
 Far more than we have lost is left us yet.
 —We have enough—I wish indeed that I
 Were younger ;—but this hope is a good hope.
 —Make ready Luke's best garments, of the best
 Buy for him more, and let us send him forth 280
 To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night :
 —If he *could* go, the Boy should go to-night."

Here Michael ceased, and to the fields went forth
 With a light heart. The Housewife for five days
 Was restless morn and night, and all day long 285
 Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare
 Things needful for the journey of her son.
 But Isabel was glad when Sunday came
 To stop her in her work : for when she lay
 By Michael's side, she through the last two nights 290
 Heard him, how he was troubled in his sleep :
 And when they rose at morning she could see
 That all his hopes were gone. That day at noon

She said to Luke, while they two by themselves
 Were sitting at the door, "Thou must not go : 295
 We have no other Child but thee to lose,
 None to remember—do not go away,
 For if thou leave thy Father, he will die."
 The Youth made answer with a jocund voice ;
 And Isabel, when she had told her fears, 300
 Recovered heart. That evening her best fare
 Did she bring forth, and all together sat
 Like happy people round a Christmas fire.

With daylight Isabel resumed her work ;
 And all the ensuing week the house appeared 305
 As cheerful as a grove in Spring : at length
 The expected letter from their kinsman came,
 With kind assurances that he would do
 His utmost for the welfare of the Boy ;
 To which requests were added that forthwith 310
 He might be sent to him. Ten times or more
 The letter was read over ; Isabel
 Went forth to show it to the neighbours round ;
 Nor was there at that time on English land
 A prouder heart than Luke's. When Isabel 315
 Had to her house returned, the old Man said,
 "He shall depart to-morrow." To this word
 The Housewife answered, talking much of things
 Which, if at such short notice he should go,
 Would surely be forgotten. But at length 320
 She gave consent, and Michael was at ease.

Near the tumultuous brook of Greenhead Ghyll
 In that deep valley, Michael had designed
 To build a Sheepfold ; and, before he heard
 The tidings of his melancholy loss, 325
 For this same purpose he had gathered up

A heap of stones, which by the streamlet's edge
Lay thrown together, ready for the work.
With Luke that evening thitherward he walked :
And soon as they had reached the place he stopped, 330
And thus the old Man spake to him : " My Son,
To-morrow thou wilt leave me : with full heart
I look upon thee, for thou art the same
That wert a promise to me ere thy birth
And all thy life hast been my daily joy. 335
I will relate to thee some little part
Of our two histories ; 'twill do thee good
When thou art from me, even if I should touch
On things thou canst not know of.—After thou
First cam'st into the world—as oft befalls 340
To new-born infants—thou didst sleep away
Two days, and blessings from thy Father's tongue
Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed on,
And still I loved thee with increasing love.
Never to living ear came sweeter sounds 345
Than when I heard thee by our own fireside
First uttering, without words, a natural tune ;
While thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy joy
Sing at thy Mother's breast. Month followed month,
And in the open fields my life was passed 350
And on the mountains ; else I think that thou
Hadst been brought up upon thy Father's knees.
But we were playmates, Luke : among these hills,
As well thou knowest, in us the old and young
Have played together, nor with me didst thou 355
Lack any pleasure which a boy can know."
Luke had a manly heart ; but at these words
He sobbed aloud. The old Man grasped his hand,
And said, " Nay, do not take it so—I see
That these are things of which I need not speak. 360

—Even to the utmost I have been to thee
 A kind and a good Father : and herein
 I but repay a gift which I myself
 Received at others' hands ; for, though now old
 Beyond the common life of man, I still 365
 Remember them who loved me in my youth.
 Both of them sleep together : here they lived,
 As all their Forefathers had done ; and when
 At length their time was come, they were not loath
 To give their bodies to the family mould. 370
 I wished that thou should'st live the life they lived :
 But 'tis a long time to look back, my Son,
 And see so little gain from threescore years.
 These fields were burdened when they came to me ;
 Till I was forty years of age, not more 375
 Than half of my inheritance was mine.
 I toiled and toiled ; God blessed me in my work,
 And till these three weeks past the land was free.
 —It looks as if it never could endure
 Another Master. Heaven forgive me, Luke, 380
 If I judge ill for thee, but it seems good
 That thou should'st go."

At this the old Man paused ;
 Then, pointing to the stones near which they stood,
 Thus, after a short silence, he resumed :
 "This was a work for us ; and now, my Son, 385
 It is a work for me. But lay one stone —
 Here, lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands.
 Nay, Boy, be of good hope ;—we both may live
 To see a better day. At eighty-four
 I still am strong and hale ;—do thou thy part ; 390
 I will do mine.—I will begin again
 With many tasks that were resigned to thee :
 Up to the heights and in among the storms

Will I without thee go again, and do
 All works which I was wont to do alone, 395
 Before I knew thy face.—Heaven bless thee, Boy!
 Thy heart these two weeks has been beating fast
 With many hopes; it should be so—yes—yes—
 I knew that thou could'st never have a wish
 To leave me, Luke: thou hast been bound to me 400
 Only by links of love: when thou art gone,
 What will be left to us!—But, I forget
 My purposes. Lay now the corner-stone
 As I requested; and hereafter, Luke,
 When thou art gone away, should evil men 405
 Be thy companions, think of me, my Son,
 And of this moment; hither turn thy thoughts,
 And God will strengthen thee: amid all fear
 And all temptations, Luke, I pray that thou
 May'st bear in mind the life thy Fathers lived, 410
 Who, being innocent, did for that cause
 Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee well—
 When thou return'st, thou in this place wilt see
 A work which is not here:—a covenant
 'Twill be between us;—but, whatever fate 415
 Befall thee, I shall love thee to the last,
 And bear thy memory with me to the grave.”

The Shepherd ended here; and Luke stooped down
 And, as his Father had requested, laid
 The first stone of the Sheepfold. At the sight 420
 The old Man's grief broke from him; to his heart
 He pressed his Son, he kissèd him and wept;
 And to the house together they returned.
 —Hushed was that House in peace, or seeming peace,
 Ere the night fell:—with morrow's dawn the Boy 425
 Began his journey, and when he had reached
 The public way, he put on a bold face;

And all the neighbours, as he passed their doors,
Came forth with wishes and with farewell prayers,
That followed him till he was out of sight. 430

A good report did from their Kinsman come,
Of Luke and his well-doing : and the Boy
Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous news,
Which, as the Housewife phrased it, were throughout
"The prettiest letters that were ever seen." 435
Both parents read them with rejoicing hearts.
So, many months passed on ; and once again
The Shepherd went about his daily work
With confident and cheerful thoughts ; and now
Sometimes, when he could find a leisure hour, 440
He to that valley took his way, and there
Wrought at the Sheepfold. Meantime Luke began
To slacken in his duty ; and, at length,
He in the dissolute city gave himself
To evil courses : ignominy and shame 445
Fell on him, so that he was driven at last
To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas.

There is a comfort in the strength of love ;
'Twill make a thing endurable which else
Would upset the brain or break the heart : 450
I have conversed with more than one who well
Remember the old Man, and what he was
Years after he heard this heavy news.
His bodily frame had been from youth to age
Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks 455
He went, and still looked up to sun and cloud,
And listened to the wind ; and, as before,
Performed all kinds of labour for his sheep,
And for the land, his small inheritance.
And to that hollow dell from time to time 460

Did he repair, to build the Fold of which
His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet
The pity which was then in every heart
For the old Man—and 'tis believed by all
That many and many a day he thither went 465
And never lifted up a single stone.

There, by the Sheepfold, sometimes was he seen,
Sitting alone, or with his faithful Dog,
Then old, beside him, lying at his feet.
The length of full seven years, from time to time, 470
He at the building of this Sheepfold wrought,
And left the work unfinished when he died.
Three years, or little more, did Isabel
Survive her Husband: at her death the estate
Was sold, and went into a stranger's hand. 475
The Cottage which was named THE EVENING STAR
Is gone—the ploughshare has been through the ground
On which it stood; great changes have been wrought
In all the neighbourhood:—yet the oak is left
That grew beside their door; and the remains 480
Of the unfinished Sheepfold may be seen
Beside the boisterous brook of Greenhead Ghyll.

Wordsworth

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

I.

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
 By famous Hanover city;
 The river Weser, deep and wide,
 Washes its wall on the southern side;
 A pleasanter spot you never spied; 5
 But, when begins my ditty,
 Almost five hundred years ago,
 To see the townsfolk suffer so
 From vermin, was a pity.

II.

Rats! 10
 They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
 And bit the babies in the cradles,
 And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
 And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
 Split open the kegs of salted sprats, 15
 Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
 And even spoiled the women's chats,
 By drowning their speaking
 With shrieking and squeaking
 In fifty different sharps and flats. 20

III.

At last the people in a body
 To the Town Hall came flocking:
 "Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
 "And as for our Corporation—shocking
 "To think we buy gowns lined with ermine 25
 "For dolts that can't or won't determine
 "What's best to rid us of our vermin!
 "You hope, because you're old and obese,
 "To find in the furry civic robe ease?"

“Rouse up, Sirs! Give your brains a racking
“To find the remedy we’re lacking,
“Or, sure as fate, we’ll send you packing!”
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV.

An hour they sate in council, 35
At length the Mayor broke silence:
“For a guilder I’d my ermine gown sell;
“I wish I were a mile hence!
“It’s easy to bid one rack one’s brain—
“I’m sure my poor head aches again 40
“I’ve scratched it so, and all in vain.
“Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!”
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
“Bless us,” cried the Mayor, “what’s that?” 45
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous 50
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)
“Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
“Anything like the sound of a rat
“Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!”

V.

“Come in!”—the Mayor cried, looking bigger: 55
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin, 60
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,

But lips where smiles went out and in—
 There was no guessing his kith and kin!
 And nobody could enough admire 65
 The tall man and his quaint attire:
 Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
 "Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
 "Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

VI.

He advanced to the council-table: 70
 And, "Please your honours," said he, "I'm able,
 "By means of a secret charm, to draw
 "All creatures living beneath the sun,
 "That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
 "After me so as you never saw! 75
 "And I chiefly use my charm
 "On creatures that do people harm,
 "The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper;
 "And people call me the Pied Piper."
 (And here they noticed round his neck 80
 A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
 To match with his coat of the self-same cheque;
 And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
 And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
 As if impatient to be playing 85
 Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
 Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
 "Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
 "In Tartary I freed the Cham,
 "Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats; 90
 "I eased in Asia the Nizam
 "Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats:
 "And, as for what your brain bewilders,
 "If I can rid your town of rats
 "Will you give me a thousand guilders?" 95
 "One? fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation
 Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept 100
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled; 105
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the house the rats came tumbling. 110
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers, 115
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing, 120
Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished
—Save one who, stout as Julius Caesar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished) 125
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was, “At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
“I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
“And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
“Into a cider-press’s gripe: 130
“And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
“And a leaving-ajar of conserve-cupboards,

"And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
 "And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
 "And it seemed as if a voice 135
 ("Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
 "Is breathed) called out, Oh rats, rejoice!
 "The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
 "So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
 "Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon! 140
 "And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
 "All ready staved, like a great sun shone
 "Glorious scarce an inch before me,
 "Just as methought it said, Come, bore me!
 "—I found the Weser rolling o'er me." 145

VIII.

You should have heard the Hamelin people
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
 "Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
 "Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
 "Consult with carpenters and builders, 150
 "And leave in our town not even a trace
 "Of the rats!"—when suddenly up the face
 Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
 With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

IX.

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue; 155
 So did the Corporation too.
 For council dinners made rare havock
 With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
 And half the money would replenish
 Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish, 160
 To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
 With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
 "Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
 "Our business was done at the river's brink;

“We saw with our eyes the vermin sink, 165
“And what’s dead can’t come to life, I think.
“So, friend, we’re not the folks to shrink
“From the duty of giving you something for drink,
“And a matter of money to put in your poke;
“But, as for the guilders, what we spoke 170
“Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
“Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
“A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!”

X.

The piper’s face fell, and he cried,
“No trifling! I can’t wait, beside! 175
“I’ve promised to visit by dinner time
“Bagdat, and accept the prime
“Of the Head Cook’s pottage, all he’s rich in,
“For having left, in the Caliph’s kitchen,
“Of a nest of scorpions no survivor— 180
“With him I proved no bargain-driver,
“With you, don’t think I’ll bate a stiver!
“And folks who put me in a passion
“May find me pipe to another fashion.”

XI.

“How?” cried the Mayor, “d’ye think I’ll brook 185
“Being worse treated than a Cook?
“Insulted by a lazy ribald
“With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
“You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
“Blow your pipe there till you burst!” 190

XII.

Once more he stept into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet

Soft notes as yet musician's cunning 195

Never gave the enraptured air)

There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering, 200
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.

All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls, 205
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry 210

To the children merrily skipping by—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.

But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat, 215

As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed, 220
And after him the children pressed;

Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!"
"He's forced to let the piping drop,"
"And we shall see our children stop!" 225

When, lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;

And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last, 230
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,— 235
“It’s dull in our town since my playmates left!
“I can’t forget that I’m bereft
“Of all the pleasant sights they see,
“Which the Piper also promised me;
“For he led us, he said, to a joyous land, 240
“Joining the town and just at hand,
“Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
“And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
“And everything was strange and new;
“The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here, 245
“And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
“And honey-bees had lost their stings,
“And horses were born with eagles’ wings;
“And just as I became assured
“My lame foot would be speedily cured, 250
“The music stopped and I stood still,
“And found myself outside the Hill,
“Left alone against my will,
“To go now limping as before,
“And never hear of that country more!” 255

XIV.

Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher’s pate
A text which says, that heaven’s gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle’s eye takes a camel in! 260
The Mayor sent East, West, North and South
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,

Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went, 265
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly 270
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
"On the Twenty-second of July,
"Thirteen hundred and Seventy-six:" 275
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labour. 280
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted 285
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe 290
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbours lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison 295
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

XV.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers 300
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers:
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

Browning.

JOHN GILPIN

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear, 5
"Though wedded we have been
These thrice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair 10
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride 15
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one;
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done. 20

When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew, 55
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty, screaming, came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!" 60

"Good-lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise."

Now, Mrs. Gilpin (careful soul!) 65
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew, 70
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well-brushed and neat, 75
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed. 80

But finding soon a smother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly!" John he cried, 85
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So, stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright, 90
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got 95
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig. 100

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern 105
The bottles he had slung,—
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all; 110

And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around:
"He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!" 115

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw. 120

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road, 125
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced; 130
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols did he play,
Until he came unto the Wash 135
Of Edmontón so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play. 140

At Edmonton, his loving wife
From the balcony espied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

“Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here’s the house!” 145
They all at once did cry;
“The dinner waits, and we are tired.”
Said Gilpin,—“So am I!”

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there! 150
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to 155
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender’s
His horse at last stood still. 160

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

“What news? what news? your tidings tell; 165
Tell me you must and shall;
Say, why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all!”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke; 170

And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come:
And, if I will forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,—
They are upon the road." 175

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in; 180

Whence straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn,
Thus showed his ready wit:
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit. 185

"But let me scrape the dirt away,
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case." 190

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware." 195

So, turning to his horse, he said—
"I am in haste to dine:
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine." 200

Ah! luckless speech, and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before. 205

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig; 210
He lost them sooner than at first;
For why?—they were too big.

Now, mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country—far away, 215
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth, she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
“This shall be yours, when you bring back,
My husband, safe and well.” 220

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But, not performing what he meant, 225
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,— 230

The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear, 235
They raised the hue and cry:

"Stop, thief! stop, thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit. 240

And now the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too. 245
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he; 250
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

William Cowper.

LONGFELLOW

King Robert of Sicily and *The Birds of Killingworth* are taken from *The Tales of a Wayside Inn* by Longfellow. These tales are a series of stories which are supposed to be told in turn by a company of friends who had come out from the town to rest at the Wayside Inn, which was not far from the town of Sudbury, in Massachusetts. In the prelude to the Tales the poet sketches the characters of the group of friends as they were gathered around the inn fire,—the landlord, a student, a Sicilian youth, a Spanish Jew, a theologian, a poet, and a musician, who played on his violin during the pauses in the conversation. Between the tales are *Interludes* in which the poet returns to the company around the fire and reports their conversation.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

THE SICILIAN'S TALE

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes
De sede, et exaltavit humiles*;" 10
And slowly lifting up his kingly head
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet,

“He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree.”
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
“‘Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue ;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne !” 20
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night ;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked ;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked, 30
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds reëchoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, “ Who is there ?”
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
“ Open : ‘tis I, the King ! Art thou afraid ?” 40
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
“ This is some drunken vagabond, or worse !”
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide ;
A man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,

But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine, 50
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate ;
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed ;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed, 60
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume
There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features, form and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light !
It was an Angel ; and his presence there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognise. 70

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes ;
Then said, " Who art thou ? and why com'st thou here ? "
To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
" I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne ! "
And suddenly, at these audacious words,

Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords ; 80
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester ; thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape ;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall !"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs ;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door, 90
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King !"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream !"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discoloured walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls, 100
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream ; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch !

Days came and went ; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign ;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest. 110
Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.

Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say, 120
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
“Art thou the King?” the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, “I am, I am the King!”

Almost three years were ended ; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane 130
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o’er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade, 140
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo ! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,

The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.
The Pope received them with great pomp, and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square, 150
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
"I am the King! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise. 160
Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky; 170
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervour filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendour saw;
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,

He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward. 180

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with ours, 190
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire ;
And when they were alone, the Angel said,
" Art thou the King ? " Then bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him : " Thou knowest best !
My sins as scarlet are ; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven ! " 200
The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place ;
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street :
" He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree ! "
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string :
" I am an Angel, and thou art the King ! " 210

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo ! he was alone !
But all appavelled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold ;
And when his courtiers came, they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

MAZEPPA'S RIDE

I.

'Bring forth the horse!' The horse was brought;
 In truth, he was a noble steed,
 A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
 Who look'd as though the speed of thought
 Were in his limbs; but he was wild, 5
 Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
 With spur and bridle undefiled—
 'Twas but a day he had been caught;
 And snorting, with erected mane,
 And struggling fiercely, but in vain, 10
 In the full foam of wrath and dread
 To me the desert-born was led:
 They bound me on, that menial throng,
 Upon his back with many a thong,
 Then loosed him with a sudden lash— 15
 Away!—away!—and on we dash!--
 Torrents less rapid and less rash.

II.

"Away! away! my breath was gone,
 I saw not where he hurried on:
 'Twas scarcely yet the break of day, 20
 And on he foam'd—away!—away!--
 The last of human sounds which rose,
 As I was darted from my foes,
 Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
 Which on the wind came roaring after 25
 A moment from that rabble rout;
 With sudden wrath I wrench'd my head,
 And snapp'd the cord which to the mane
 Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,
 And, writhing half my form about, 30
 Howl'd back my curse; but midst the tread,
 The thunder of my courser's speed,

Perchance they did not hear nor heed:
 It vexes me—for I would fain
 Have paid their insult back again. 35
 I paid it well in after days;
 There is not of that castle-gate,
 Its drawbridge and portcullis weight,
 Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left;
 Nor of its field a blade of grass, 40
 Save what grows on a ridge of wall,
 Where stood the hearthstone of the hall;
 And many a time, ye there might pass,
 Nor dream that e'er that fortress was.
 I saw its turrets in a blaze, 45
 Their crackling battlements all cleft,
 And the hot lead pour down like rain
 From off the scorch'd and blackening roof,
 Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.
 They little thought that day of pain, 50
 When launch'd, as on the lightning's flash,
 They bade me to destruction dash,
 That one day I should come again,
 With twice five thousand horse, to thank
 The Count for his uncourteous ride. 55
 They play'd me then a bitter prank,
 When, with the wild horse for my guide,
 They bound me to his foaming flank.
 At length I play'd them one as frank—
 For time at last sets all things even— 60
 And if we do but watch the hour,
 There never yet was human power
 Which could evade, if unforgiven
 The patient search and vigil long
 Of him who treasures up a wrong. 65

III.

"Away, away, my steed and I,
 Upon the pinions of the wind,

All human dwellings left behind;
 We sped like meteors through the sky,
 When with its crackling sound the night 70
 Is chequer'd with the northern light;
 Town—village—none were on our track,
 But a wild plain of far extent,
 And bounded by a forest black;
 And, save the scarce seen battlement 75
 On distant heights of some stronghold,
 Against the Tartars built of old,
 No trace of man. The year before
 A Turkish army had march'd o'er;
 And where the Spahi's hoof hath trod, 80
 The verdure flies the bloody sod;—
 The sky was dull, and dim, and grey,
 And a low breeze crept moaning by—
 I could have answered with a sigh—
 But fast we fled, away, away,— 85
 And I could neither sigh nor pray;
 And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
 Upon the courser's bristling mane;
 But, snorting still with rage and fear,
 He flew upon his far career; 90
 At times I almost thought, indeed,
 He must have slacken'd in his speed:
 But no—my bound and slender frame
 Was nothing to his angry might,
 And merely like a spur became; 95
 Each motion which I made to free
 My swoll'n limbs from their agony
 Increased his fury and affright;
 I tried my voice—'twas faint and low,
 But yet he swerv'd as from a blow; 100
 And, starting to each accent, sprang
 As from a sudden trumpet's clang;
 Meantime my cords were wet with gore,
 Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er.

And in my tongue the thirst became 105
A something fierier far than flame.

"We near'd the wild wood—'twas so wide
I saw no bounds on either side;
'Twas studded with old sturdy trees,
That bent not to the roughest breeze 110
Which howls down from Siberia's waste,
And strips the forest in its haste;
But these were few and far between,
Set thick with shrubs more young and green,
Luxuriant with their annual leaves, 115
Ere strewn by those autumnal eves,
That nip the forest's foliage dead,
Discolour'd with a lifeless red,
Which stands thereon like stiffen'd gore
Upon the slain when battle's o'er, 120
And some long winter's night hath shed
Its frosts o'er every tombless head,
So cold and stark the raven's beak
May peck unpierced each frozen cheek:
'Twas a wild waste of underwood, 125
And here and there a chestnut stood,
The strong oak, and the hardy pine;
But far apart—and well it were,
Or else a different lot were mine—
The boughs gave way, and did not tear 130
My limbs; and I found strength to bear
My wounds, already scarr'd with cold—
My bonds forbade to loose my hold.
We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind; 135
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate and hunter's fire:
Where'er we flew they follow'd on, 140

Nor left us with the morning sun;
 Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
 At daybreak winding through the wood,
 And through the night had heard their feet
 Their stealing, rustling step retreat. 145
 Oh! how I wished for spear or sword,
 At least to die amidst the horde,
 And perish—if it must be so—
 At bay, destroying many a foe.
 When first my courser's race begun, 150
 I wish'd the goal already won;
 But now I doubted strength and speed.
 Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed
 Had nerved him like the mountain roe ;
 Nor faster falls the blinding snow 155
 Which whelms the peasant near the door
 Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
 Bewilder'd with the dazzling blast,
 Than through the forest-paths he pass'd—
 Untired, untamed, and worse than wild; 160
 All furious as a favour'd child
 Balk'd of its wish; or fiercer still—
 A woman piqued—who has her will.

v.

"The wood was pass'd; 'twas more than noon
 But chill the air, although in June; 165
 Or it might be my veins ran cold—
 Prolong'd endurance tames the bold;
 And I was then not what I seem,
 But headlong as a wintry stream,
 And wore my feelings out before 170
 I well could count their causes o'er:
 And what with fury, fear, and wrath,
 The tortures which beset my path,
 Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,

Thus bound in nature's nakedness, 175
(Sprung from a race whose rising blood,
When stirred beyond its calmer mood,
And trodden hard upon, is like
The rattlesnake's, in act to strike,)
What marvel if this worn-out trunk 180
Beneath its woes a moment sunk?
The earth gave way, the skies roll'd round,
I seem'd to sink upon the ground;
But err'd, for I was fastly bound.
My heart turn'd sick, my brain grew sore, 185
And throb'd awhile, then beat no more:
The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
Which saw no further: he who dies 190
Can die no more than then I died.
O'ertortured by that ghastly ride,
I felt the blackness come and go,
And strove to wake; but could not make
My senses climb up from below: 195
I felt as on a plank at sea,
When all the waves that dash o'er thee
At the same time upheave and whelm,
And hurl thee towards a desert realm.
My undulating life was as 200
The fancied lights that flitting pass
Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when
Fever begins upon the brain;
But soon it pass'd, with little pain,
But a confusion worse than such: 205
I own that I should deem it much,
Dying, to feel the same again;
And yet I do suppose we must
Feel far more ere we turn to dust:
No matter; I have bared my brow 210
Full in death's face—before—and now.

VI.

"My thoughts came back; where was I? cold,
 And numb, and giddy: pulse by pulse
 Life reassumed its lingering hold,
 And throb by throb—till grown a pang 215
 Which for a moment would convulse,
 My blood reflow'd, though thick and chill;
 My ear with uncouth noises rang,
 My heart began once more to thrill;
 My sight return'd, though dim, alas ! 220
 And thickened, as it were, with glass.
 Methought the dash of waves was nigh;
 There was a gleam, too, of the sky
 Studded with stars;—it is no dream;
 The wild horse swims the wilder stream! 225
 The bright, broad river's gushing tide
 Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,
 And we are half-way, struggling o'er
 To yon unknown and silent shore.
 The waters broke my hollow trance, 230
 And with a temporary strength
 My stiffen'd limbs were rebaptized,
 My courser's broad breast proudly braves,
 And dashes off the ascending waves,
 And onward we advance! 235
 We reach the slippery shore at length,
 A haven I but little prized,
 For all behind was dark and drear,
 And all before was night and fear.
 How many hours of night or day 240
 In those suspended pangs I lay,
 I could not tell; I scarcely knew
 If this were human breath I drew.

VII.

"With glossy skin, and dripping mane,
 And reeling limbs, and reeking flank, 245

The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain
Up the repelling bank.
We gain the top; a boundless plain
Spreads through the shadow of the night,
And onward, onward, onward, seems, 250
Like precipices in our dreams,
To stretch beyond the sight;
And here and there a speck of white,
Or scatter'd spot of dusky green,
In masses broke into the light, 255
As rose the moon upon my right:
But nought distinctly seen
In the dim waste would indicate
The omen of a cottage gate;
No twinkling taper from afar 260
Stood like a hospitable star;
Not even an ignis-fatuus rose
To make him merry with my woes:
That very cheat had cheer'd me then;
Although detected, welcome still, 265
Reminding me, through every ill,
Of the abodes of men.

VIII.

"Onward we went, but slack and slow;
His savage force at length o'erspent,
The drooping courser, faint and low, 270
All feebly foaming went.
A sickly infant had had power
To guide him forward in that hour;
But useless all to me:
His new-born tameness nought avail'd— 275
My limbs were bound; my force had fail'd,
Perchance, had they been free.
With feeble effort still I tried
To rend the bonds so starkly tied,
But still it was in vain; 280

My limbs were only wrung the more,
 And soon the idle strife gave o'er,
 Which but prolong'd their pain;
 The dizzy race seem'd almost done,
 Although no goal was nearly won; 285
 Some streaks announced the coming sun—
 How slow, alas, he came!
 Methought that mist of dawning grey
 Would never dapple into day;
 How heavily it roll'd away— 290
 Before the eastern flame
 Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,
 And call'd the radiance from their cars,
 And fill'd the earth, from his deep throne,
 With lonely lustre, all his own. 295

IX.

"Up rose the sun: the mists were curl'd
 Back from the solitary world
 Which lay around, behind, before:
 What boot'd it to traverse o'er
 Plain, forest, river? Man nor brute, 300
 Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,
 Lay in the wild, luxuriant soil;
 No sign of travel—none of toil;
 The very air was mute;
 And not an insect's shrill small horn, 305
 No matin bird's new voice, was borne
 From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,
 Panting as if his heart would burst,
 The weary brute still stagger'd on;
 And still we were—or seem'd—alone. 310
 At length, while reeling on our way,
 Methought I heard a courser neigh,
 From out yon tuft of blackening firs
 Is it the wind those branches stirs?
 No, no! from out the forest prance 315

A trampling troop; I see them come!
In one vast squadron they advance!

I strove to cry—my lips were dumb.
The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
But where are they the reins to guide? 320
A thousand horse—and none to ride!

With flowing tail, and flying mane,
Wide nostrils, never stretch'd by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod, 325
And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod,
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,

Came thickly thundering on,
As if our faint approach to meet; 330
The sight re-nerved my courser's feet,
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
A moment, with a faint low neigh,

He answered, and then fell.
With gasps and glazing eyes he lay, 335
And reeking limbs immoveable,

His first and last career is done!
On came the troop—they saw him stoop,
They saw me strangely bound along
His back with many a bloody thong: 340

They stop—they start—they snuff the air,
Gallop a moment here and there,
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
Then plunging back with sudden bound,
Headed by one black mighty steed, 345
Who seem'd the patriarch of his breed,

Without a single speck or hair
Of white upon his shaggy hide:
They snort, they foam, neigh, swerve aside
And backward to the forest fly, 350
By instinct, from a human eye.

They left me there, to my despair,

Link'd to the dead and stiffening wretch,
 Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,
 Relieved from that unwonted weight, 355
 From whence I could not extricate
 Nor him, nor me:—and there we lay,
 The dying on the dead!
 I little deem'd another day
 Would see my houseless, helpless head. 360

“And there from morn till twilight bound,
 I felt the heavy hours toil round,
 With just enough of life to see
 My last of suns go down on me,
 In hopeless certainty of mind, 365
 That makes us feel at length resign'd
 To that which our foreboding years
 Present the worst and last of fears
 Inevitable—even a boon,
 Nor more unkind for coming soon; 370
 Yet shunn'd and dreaded with such care,
 As if it only were a snare
 That prudence might escape:
 At times both wish'd for and implored,
 At times sought with self-pointed sword, 375
 Yet still a dark and hideous close
 To even intolerable woes,
 And welcome in no shape.
 And, strange to say, the sons of pleasure,
 They who have revell'd beyond measure 380
 In beauty, wassail, wine, and treasure.
 Die calm, or calmer, oft than he
 Whose heritage was misery:
 For he who hath in turn run through
 All that was beautiful and new, 385
 Hath nought to hope, and nought to leave:
 And, save the future (which is view'd
 Not quite as men are base or good.

But as their nerves may be endued),

With nought perhaps to grieve: 390

The wretch still hopes his woes must end,

And Death, whom he should deem his friend,

Appears to his distemper'd eyes,

Arrived to rob him of his prize,

The tree of his new Paradise. 395

To-morrow would have given him all,

Repaid his pangs, repair'd his fall:

To-morrow would have been the first

Of days no more deplored or curst,

But bright, and long, and beckoning years, 400

Seen dazzling through the mist of tears,

Guerdon of many a painful hour;

To-morrow would have given him power

To rule, to shine, to smite, to save—

And must it dawn upon his grave? 405

X.

“The sun was sinking—still I lay

Chain'd to the chill and stiffening steed;

I thought to mingle there our clay,

And my dim eyes of death had need,

No hope arose of being freed: 410

I cast my last looks up the sky,

And there between me and the sun

I saw the expecting raven fly,

Who scarce would wait till both should die,

Ere his repast begun. 415

He flew, and perch'd, then flew once more,

And each time nearer than before;

I saw his wing through twilight flit,

And once so near me he alit,

I could have smote, but lack'd the strength; 420

But the slight motion of my hand,

And feeble scratching of the sand,

The exerted throat's faint struggling noise,

Which scarcely could be call'd a voice,
 Together scared him off at length.— 425
 I know no more—my latest dream
 Is something of a lovely star
 Which fix'd my dull eyes from afar,
 And went and came with wandering beam,
 And of the cold, dull, swimming, dense 430
 Sensation of recurring sense,
 And then subsiding back to death,
 And then again a little breath,
 A little thrill, a short suspense,
 An icy sickness curdling o'er 435
 My heart, and sparks that cross'd my brain—
 A gasp, a throb, a start of pain,
 A sigh, and nothing more.

XI.

“I woke—Where was I?—Do I see
 A human face look down on me? 440
 And doth a roof above me close?
 Do these limbs on a couch repose?
 Is this a chamber where I lie?
 And is it mortal, yon bright eye,
 That watches me with gentle glance? 445
 I close my own again once more,
 As doubtful that the former trance
 Could not as yet be o'er.
 A slender girl, long-hair'd and tall,
 Sate watching by the cottage wall; 450
 The sparkle of her eye I caught,
 Even with my first return of thought;
 For ever and anon she threw
 A prying, pitying glance on me
 With her black eyes so wild and free: 455
 I gazed, and gazed, until I knew
 No vision it could be,—

But that I lived, and was released
From adding to the vulture's feast:
And when the Cossack maid beheld 460
My heavy eyes at length unseal'd,
She smiled, and I essay'd to speak,
 But fail'd—and she approach'd and made
 With lip and finger signs that said,
I must not strive as yet to break 465
The silence, till my strength should be
Enough to leave my accents free;
And then her hand on mine she laid,
And smooth'd the pillow for my head,
And stole along on tiptoe tread, 470
 And gently oped the door, and spake
In whispers—ne'er was voice so sweet!
Even music follow'd her light feet;—
 But those she call'd were not awake.
And she went forth; but, ere she pass'd, 475
Another look on me she cast,
 Another sign she made, to say
That I had nought to fear, that all
Were near, at my command or call,
 And she would not delay 480
Her due return:—while she was gone,
Methought I felt too much alone.

XII.

"She came with mother and with sire—
What need of more!—I will not tire
With long recital of the rest 485
Since I became the Cossack's guest.
They found me senseless on the plain—
 They bore me to the nearest hut—
They brought me into life again—
Me—one day o'er their realm to reign! 490
 Thus the vain fool who strove to glut
His rage, refining on my pain,
 Sent me forth to the wilderness,

Bound, naked, bleeding, and alone,
 To pass the desert to a throne,— 495
 What mortal his own doom may guess?
 Let none despond, let none despair!
 To-morrow the Borysthenes
 May see our coursers graze at ease
 Upon his Turkish bank; and never 500
 Had I such welcome for a river
 As I shall yield when safely there.
 Comrades, good night!"—The Hetman threw
 His length beneath the oak-tree shade,
 With leafy couch already made, 505
 A bed nor comfortless nor new
 To him who took his rest whene'er
 The hour arrived, no matter where:
 His eyes the hastening slumbers steep.
 And if ye marvel Charles forgot 510
 To thank his tale, *he* wondered not—
 The king had been an hour asleep.

Byron.

THE ISLAND OF THE SCOTS.

The Rhine is running deep and red, the island lies before,—
 "Now is there one of all the host will dare to venture o'er?
 For not alone the river's sweep might make a brave man quail;
 The foe are on the further side, their shot comes fast as hail.
 God help us, if the middle isle we may not hope to win; 5
 Now is there any of the host will dare to venture in?"
 "The ford is deep, the banks are steep, the island-shore lies
 wide;
 Nor man nor horse could stem its force, or reach the further
 side.
 See there! amidst the willow-boughs the serried¹ bayonets
 gleam;

¹serried. crowded.

They've flung their bridge,—they've won the isle; the foe
have cross'd the stream! 10

Their volley flashes sharp and strong,—by all the saints!
I trow

There never yet was soldier born could force that passage
now!"

So spoke the bold French Mareschal² with him who led
the van,

Whilst rough and red before their view the turbid river ran.
Nor bridge nor boat had they to cross the wild and swollen
Rhine, 15

And thundering on the other bank far stretch'd the German
line.

Hard by there stood a swarthy man, was leaning on his sword,
And a sadden'd smile lit up his face as he heard the Captain's
word.

"I've seen a wilder stream ere now than that which rushes
there;

I've stemm'd a heavier torrent yet and never thought to
dare. 20

If German steel be sharp and keen, is ours not strong and
true?

There may be danger in the deed, but there is honour too."

The old lord in his saddle turn'd, and hastily he said,
"Hath bold Duguesclin's³ fiery heart awaken'd from the dead?
Thou art the leader of the Scots,—now well and sure I
know, 25

That gentle blood in dangerous hour ne'er yet ran cold nor
slow;

² Mareschal. Marshal, an officer of the highest rank in the French army.

³ Duguesclin. A noted French commander, famous for his campaigns against the English in the 14th century.

And I have seen ye in the fight do all that mortal may :
If honour is the boon ye seek, it may be won this day,—
The prize is in the middle isle, there lies the adventurous way,
And armies twain are on the plain, the daring deed to
see,— 30

Now ask thy gallant company if they will follow thee !”

Right gladsome look'd the Captain then, and nothing did he
say,

But he turn'd him to his little band, O, few, I ween, were they !
The relics of the bravest force that ever fought in fray.

No one of all that company but bore a gentle name, 35
Not one whose fathers had not stood in Scotland's fields of
fame.

All they had march'd with great Dundee⁴ to where he fought
and fell,

And in the deadly battle-strife had venged their leader well ;
And they had bent the knee to earth when every eye was dim,
As o'er their hero's buried corpse they sang the funeral
hymn; 40

And they had trod the Pass⁵ once more, and stoop'd on either
side.

To pluck the heather from the spot where he had dropp'd and
died ;

And they had bound it next their hearts, and ta'en a last
farewell

Of Scottish earth and Scottish sky, where Scotland's glory fell.
Then went they forth to foreign lands like bent and broken
men, 45

Who leave their dearest hope behind, and may not turn again.

⁴ **Dundee.** John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, a Scottish soldier. He raised a body of Highlanders in 1689 to fight for James II against William of Orange. At the battle of Killecrankie (1689) he was mortally wounded.

⁵ **The Pass.** The Pass of Killecrankie.

“The stream,” he said, “is broad and deep, and stubborn is the foe,—

Yon island-strength is guarded well,—say, brothers, will ye go?
From home and kin for many a year our steps have wander’d
wide,

And never may our bones be laid our fathers’ graves beside. 50
No children have we to lament, no wives to wail our fall;
The traitor’s and the spoiler’s hand have reft our hearths of all.
But we have hearts, and we have arms, as strong to will and
dare

As when our ancient banners flew within the northern air.
Come, brothers! let me name a spell shall rouse your souls
again, 55

And send the old blood bounding free through pulse and heart
and vein.

Call back the days of bygone years,—be young and strong
once more;

Think yonder stream, so stark and red, is one we’ve cross’d
before.

Rise, hill and glen! rise, crag and wood! rise up on either
hand,—

Again upon the Garry’s⁶ banks, on Scottish soil we stand! 60

Again I see the tartans⁷ wave, again the trumpets ring;

Again I hear our leader’s call: ‘Upon them for the King!’

Stay’d we behind that glorious day for roaring flood or linn?⁸

The soul of Græme is with us still,—now, brothers, will ye in?”

No stay,—no pause. With one accord, they grasp’d each
other’s hand,

Then plunged into the angry flood, that bold and dauntless
band.

⁶Garry. A river in Perthshire, Scotland.

⁷tartan. A Scotch plaid.

⁸linn. A waterfall.

High flew the spray above their heads, yet onward still they bore,

Midst cheer, and shout, and answering yell, and shot, and cannon-roar,—

“Now, by the Holy Cross! I swear, since earth and sea began,
Was never such a daring deed essay’d by mortal man!” 70

Thick blew the smoke across the stream, and faster flash’d the flame :

The water splash’d in hissing jets as ball and bullet came.

Yet onward push’d the Cavaliers all stern and undismay’d,
With thousand armèd foes before, and none behind to aid.

Once, as they near’d the middle stream, so strong the torrent swept, 75

That scarce that long and living wall their dangerous footing kept.

Then rose a warning cry behind, a joyous shout before :

“The current’s strong,—the way is long,—they’ll never reach the shore !

See, see! they stagger in the midst, they waver in their line !

Fire on the madmen! break their ranks, and overwhelm them in the Rhine!” 80

Have you seen the tall trees swaying when the blast is sounding shrill,

And the whirlwind reels in fury down the gorges of the hill?

How they toss their mighty branches, struggling with the tempest’s shock ;

How they keep their place of vantage, cleaving firmly to the rock?

Even so the Scottish warriors held their own against the river ; 85

Though the water flashed around them, not an eye was seen to quiver :

Though the shot flew sharp and deadly, not a man relax'd his hold ;

For their hearts were big and thrilling with the mighty thoughts of old.

One word was spoken among them, and through the ranks it spread,—

“Remember our dead Claverhouse !” was all the Captain said. 90

Then, sternly bending forward, they wrestled on a while,
Until they clear'd the heavy stream, then rush'd toward the isle.

The German heart is stout and true, the German arm is strong ;
The German foot goes seldom back where armed foemen throng.
But never had they faced in field so stern a charge before, 95
And never had they felt the sweep of Scotland's broad claymore.⁹

Not fiercer pours the avalanche adown the steep incline,
That rises o'er the parent springs of rough and rapid Rhine,—
Scarce swifter shoots the bolt from heaven, than came the
Scottish band

Right up against the guarded trench, and o'er it, sword in hand. 100

In vain their leaders forward press,—they meet the deadly brand !

O lonely island of the Rhine,—Where seed was never sown,
What harvest lay upon thy sands, by those strong reapers
thrown ?

What saw the winter moon that night, as, struggling through
the rain,

She pour'd a wan and fitful light on marsh, and stream, and
plain ? 105

⁹claymore. The heavy broadsword used by the Highlanders.

A dreary spot with corpses strewn, and bayonets glistening
round ;

A broken bridge, a stranded boat, a bare and batter'd mound ;
And one huge-watch-fire's kindled pile, that sent its quivering
glare

To tell the leaders of the host the conquering Scots were there.

And did they twine the laurel-wreath,¹⁰ for those who fought
so well? 110

And did they honour those who liv'd, and weep for those who
fell?

What meed of thanks was given to them let agèd annals tell.
Why should they bring the laurel-wreath,—why crown the cup
with wine?

It was not Frenchmen's blood that flow'd so freely on the
Rhine,—

A stranger band of beggar'd men had done the venturous
deed; 115

The glory was to France alone, the danger was their meed.

And what cared they for idle thanks from foreign prince
and peer?

What virtue had such honey'd words the exiled heart to
cheer?

What matter'd it that men should vaunt, and loud and
fondly swear

That higher feat of chivalry was never wrought elsewhere? 120

They bore within their breast the grief that fame can never
heal,—

The deep, unutterable woe which none save exiles feel.

Their hearts were yearning for the land they ne'er might see
again,—

For Scotland's high and heather'd hills, for mountains, loch
and glen—

¹⁰laurel-wreath. The laurel is an evergreen shrub found in parts of Europe. A wreath of laurel was a mark of distinction or honour.

For those who haply lay at rest beyond the distant sea, 125
 Beneath the green and daisied turf where they would gladly
 be!

Long years went by. The lonely isle in Rhine's tem-
 pestuous flood

Has ta'en another name from those who bought it with
 their blood:

And, though the legend does not live,—for legends lightly
 die—

The peasant, as he sees the stream in winter rolling by, 130
 And foaming o'er its channel-bed between him and the
 spot

Won by the warriors of the sword, still calls that deep
 and dangerous ford

The Passage of the Scot.

—*Aytoun.*

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN

James IV of Scotland came to the throne in 1488. In the year 1503 he married Margaret Tudor, the daughter of Henry VII of England, and for the next six years, until the death of Henry in 1509 there was peace between the two kingdoms. But when Henry VIII came to the throne disputes arose which finally led to war. In 1513 James crossed the English border with a force of 30,000 men and a great quantity of artillery. He was met by the English under the Earl of Surrey at Flodden, a ridge of the Cheviots, and he suffered a crushing defeat. James himself was killed, and the Scots are said to have lost ten thousand men. Among the slain were twelve earls, thirteen lords, and some fifty knights and gentlemen. Almost every family in Scotland suffered from the disaster, and it was many years before the Scottish people were able to rally from this crushing blow.

NEWS of battle! News of battle!

Hark! 'tis ringing down the street;
 And the archways and the pavement

Bear the clang of hurrying feet.

News of battle! who hath brought it?

News of triumph! who should bring
 Tidings from our noble army,

Greetings from our gallant king?

All last night we watched the beacons
Blazing on the hills afar,
Each one bearing, as it kindled,
Message of the opened war.
All night long the northern streamers
Shot across the trembling sky;
Fearful lights, that never beckon
Save when kings and heroes die.

News of battle! who hath brought it?
All are thronging to the gate;
"Warder—warder! open quickly!
Man—is this a time to wait?"
And the heavy gates are opened:
Then a murmur long and loud,
And a cry of fear and wonder
Bursts from out the bending crowd,
For they see in battered harness
Only one hard-stricken¹ man;
And his weary steed is wounded,
And his cheek is pale and wan:
Spearless hangs a bloody banner
In his weak and drooping hand—
What! can this be Randolph Murray,
Captain of the city band?

Round him crush the people, crying,
"Tell us all—oh, tell us true!
Where are they who went to battle,
Randolph Murray, sworn to you?
Where are they our brothers,—children?
Have they met the English foe?

1. hard-stricken. Worn with fighting and with hard riding.

Why art thou alone, unfollowed?
Is it weal, or is it woe?"

Like a corpse the grisly² warrior
Looks out from his helm of steel;
But no words he speaks in answer—
Only with his armèd heel
Chides his weary steed, and onward
Up the city streets they ride;
Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
Shrieking, praying by his side.
"By the God that made thee, Randolph!
Tell us what mischance has come."
Then he lifts his riven banner,
And the asker's voice is dumb.

The elders of the city
Have met within their hall—
The men whom good King James had charged
To watch the tower and wall.
"Your hands are weak with age," he said,
"Your hearts are stout and true;
So bide ye in the Maiden Town,
While others fight for you.
My trumpet from the border side
Shall send a blast so clear,
That all who wait within the gate
That stirring sound may hear.
Or if it be the will of Heaven
That back I never come,
And if, instead of Scottish shouts,
Ye hear the English drum,—

2. grisly. Fearful to look upon.

Then let the warning bells ring out,
Then gird you to the fray,
Then man the walls like burghers stout,
And fight while fight you may.
'Twere better that in fiery flame
The roof should thunder down,
Than that the foot of foreign foe
Should trample in the town!'³

Then in came Randolph Murray,—
His step was slow and weak,
And, as he doffed his dinted helm,
The tears ran down his cheek:
They fell upon his corselet,⁴
And on his mailed hand,
As he gazed around him wistfully,
Leaning sorely on his brand.
And none who then beheld him
But straight were smote with fear
For a bolder and a sterner man
Had never couched a spear.
They knew so sad a messenger
Some ghastly news must bring,
And all of them were fathers,
And their sons were with the King

And up then rose the Provost—⁵
A brave old man was he,
Of ancient name, and knightly fame,
And chivalrous degree.

3. The English suffered so severely in the battle that they were unable to invade Scotland.

4. corselet. Body armour.

5. Provost. Chief magistrate, mayor.

Oh, woeful now was the old man's look,
And he spake right heavily—
“Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings,
However sharp they be!
Woe is written on thy visage,
Death is looking from thy face:
Speak!—though it be of overthrow,
It cannot be disgrace!”

Right bitter was the agony
That wrung that soldier proud:
Thrice did he strive to answer,
And thrice he groaned aloud.
Then he gave the riven banner
To the old man's shaking hand,
Saying—“That is all I bring ye
From the bravest of the land!
Ay! ye may look upon it—
It was guarded well and long,
By your brothers and your children,
By the valiant and the strong.
One by one they fell around it,
As the archers laid them low,
Grimly dying, still unconquered,⁶
With their faces to the foe.
Ay! ye may well look upon it—
There is more than honour there,
Else, be sure, I had not brought it
From the field of dark despair.
Never yet was royal banner
Steeped in such a costly dye;

6. The Scots fought fiercely till nightfall, and it was not until the morning that Surrey knew that he had won the victory.

It hath lain upon a bosom
Where no other shroud shall lie.
Sirs! I charge you, keep it holy,
Keep it as a sacred thing,
For the stain you see upon it
Was the life-blood of your King!

Woe, and woe, and lamentation!
What a piteous cry was there!
Widows, maidens, mothers, children,
Shrieking, sobbing in despair!
“Oh the blackest day for Scotland
That she ever knew before!
Oh our king! the good and noble,
Shall we see him never more?
Woe to us, and woe to Scotland!
Oh our sons, our sons and men!
Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,
Surely some will come again!”

Till the oak that fell last winter
Shall uprear its shattered stem—
Wives and mothers of Dunedin—
Ye may look in vain for them!

—*Aytoun.*

7. **Dunedin.** A poetical name for Edinburgh. Dun means “a hill”.

THE BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS.¹A LAY SUNG AT THE FEAST OF CASTOR AND POLLUX,²ON THE IDES OF QUINTILIS,³

IN THE YEAR OF THE CITY CCCCLI (B.C. 303).

[*This is the feast of Castor and Pollux, and the anniversary of the battle of Lake Regillus, which they did so much to win. Let us remember them, and sing their praises.*]

I

Ho, trumpets, sound a war-note!

Ho, lictors,⁴ clear the way!The Knights⁵ will ride, in all their pride,

Along the streets to-day.

To-day the doors and windows

5

Are hung with garlands all,

From Castor⁶ in the Forum,⁷

To Mars without the wall.

Each Knight is robed in purple,

With olive each is crowned;

10

A gallant war-horse under each

Paws haughtily the ground.

¹ Ten years after the siege of Rome by Lars Porsena, the Latins, under Mamilius of Tusculum, made a last attempt to force the Romans to restore the Tarquin kings. A battle was fought at Lake Regillus (B.C. 498) between the Latins and the Romans, in which the Romans were successful. Lake Regillus has disappeared and its exact site is no longer known. It is supposed to have been situated at the foot of the Tusculan hills, about ten miles to the southeast of Rome.

² Castor and Pollux were twin deities, the sons of Zeus (or Jupiter). Their birthplace was Sparta, in Greece, and there they had their chief temple.

³ Ides of Quintilis. The fifteenth of July.

⁴ Lictors. The body-guard of the magistrates, armed with rods and axes.

⁵ The Knights. The cavalry.

⁶ Castor, and Mars. The temples of Castor and of Mars.

⁷ Forum. The market-place, or public square.

While flows the Yellow River,⁸
 While stands the Sacred Hill,⁹
 The proud Ides of Quintilis, 15
 Shall have such honour still.
 Gay are the Martian Kalends :¹⁰
 December's Nones¹¹ are gay :
 But the proud Ides, when the squadron rides,
 Shall be Rome's whitest¹² day. 20

II

Unto the Great Twin Brethren
 We keep this solemn feast.
 Swift, swift, the Great Twin Brethren
 Came spurring from the east.
 They came o'er wild Parthenius¹³ 25
 Tossing in waves of pine,
 O'er Cirrha's dome,¹⁴ o'er Adria's¹⁵ foam,
 O'er purple Apennine,
 From where with flutes and dances
 Their ancient mansion rings, 30
 In lordly Lacedæmon,¹⁶
 The city of two kings,

⁸ **Yellow River.** The Tiber, so called from its yellow sands.

⁹ **Sacred Hill.** A famous hill about three miles from Rome.

¹⁰ **Martian Kalends.** The first of March, on which a feast to Juno was held.

¹¹ **December's Nones.** December the fifth, on which was held a feast to Faunus, a god of the flocks and herds.

¹² **whitest.** We should say "a red-letter day."

¹³ **Parthenius.** A mountain range in Greece.

¹⁴ **Cirrha's dome.** The dome of the temple of Apollo at Delphi, near Cirrha, in Greece.

¹⁵ **Adria.** The Adriatic.

¹⁶ **Lacedæmon.** Sparta, which was governed by two kings representing two great families.

To where, by Lake Regillus,
 Under the Porcian¹⁷ height,
 All in the lands of Tusculum, 35
 Was fought the glorious fight.

III

Now on the place of slaughter
 Are cots and sheepfolds seen,
 And rows of vines, and fields of wheat,
 And apple-orchards green ; 40
 And swine crush the big acorns
 That fall from Corne's¹⁸ oaks.
 Upon the turf by the Fair Fount¹⁹
 The reaper's pottage smokes.
 The fisher baits his angle ; 45
 The hunter twangs his bow ;
 Little they think on those strong limbs
 That moulder deep below.
 Little they think how sternly
 That day the trumpets pealed ; 50
 How in the slippery swamp of blood
 Warrior and war-horse reeled ;
 How wolves came with fierce gallop,
 And crows on eager wings,
 To tear the flesh of captains, 55
 And peck the eyes of kings ;
 How thick the dead lay scattered
 Under the Porcian height :
 How through the gates of Tusculum
 Raved the wild stream of flight ; 60

¹⁷ Porcian height. Monte Porzio, near the scene of the battle.

¹⁸ Corne. A hill near Tusculum.

¹⁹ Fair Fount. A spring in the vicinity.

And how the Lake Regillus
 Bubbled with crimson foam,
 What time the Thirty Cities²⁰
 Came forth to war with Rome.

IV

But, Roman, when thou standest 65
 Upon that holy ground,
 Look thou with heed on the dark rock
 That girds the dark lake round,
 So shalt thou see a hoof-mark²¹
 Stamped deep into the flint: 70
 It was no hoof of mortal steed
 That made so strange a dint:
 There to the Great Twin Brethren
 Vow thou thy vows, and pray
 That they, in tempest and in fight, 75
 Will keep thy head away.

[*The Latins send a message calling on the Romans to restore the Tarquins. The consul proudly refuses, and a dictator is appointed. The Roman army encamps hard by Lake Regillus.*]

V

Since last the Great Twin Brethren
 Of mortal eyes were seen,
 Have years gone by an hundred
 And fourscore and thirteen. 80

²⁰ **Thirty Cities.** The Latin cities, banded together in aid of the Tarquins.

²¹ "One spot on the margin of Lake Regillus was regarded during many ages with superstitious awe. A mark, resembling in shape a horse's hoof, was discernible in the volcanic rock; and this mark was believed to have been made by one of the celestial chargers."—*Macaulay*.

That summer a Virginius²²
 Was Consul first in place :²³
 The second was stout Aulus,
 Of the Posthumian race.
 The Herald of the Latines 85
 From Gabii²⁴ came in state :
 The Herald of the Latines
 Passed through Rome's Eastern Gate :
 The herald of the Latines
 Did in our Forum stand ; 90
 And there he did his office,
 A sceptre in his hand.

VI

"Hear, Senators and people
 Of the good town of Rome,
 The Thirty Cities charge you 95
 To bring the Tarquins home :
 And if ye still be stubborn,
 To work the Tarquins wrong,
 The Thirty Cities warn you,
 Look that your walls be strong." 100

VII

Then spake the Consul Aulus,
 He spake a bitter jest :
 "Once the jay sent a message
 Unto the eagle's nest :—
 Now yield thou up thine eyrie 105
 Unto the carrion-kite,

²² a Virginius. One of the family of the Virginii.

²³ The consul who was elected first was usually held in greater honour than the other.

²⁴ Gabii. A Latin city about twelve miles from Rome.

Or come forth valiantly, and face
 The jays in deadly fight.—
 Forth looked in wrath the eagle ;
 And carrion-kite and jay, 110
 Soon as they saw his beak and claw,
 Fled screaming far away.”

VIII

The Herald of the Latines
 Hath hied him back in state ;
 The Fathers of the City 115
 Are met in high debate.
 Then spake the elder Consul,
 An ancient man and wise :
 “ Now hearken, Conscript Fathers,²⁵
 To that which I advise. 120
 In seasons of great peril
 ’Tis good that one bear sway ;
 Then choose we a Dictator,
 Whom all men shall obey.
 Camerium²⁶ knows how deeply 125
 The sword of Aulus bites,
 And all our city calls him
 The man of seventy fights.
 Then let him be Dictator
 For six months and no more, 130
 And have a Master of the Knights,²⁷
 And axes twenty-four.”²⁸

²⁵ **Conscript Fathers.** The senate. The original expression is *patres conscripti* (*patres et conscripti*), *patres* referring to the patrician element, and *conscripti* to the plebeian element in the senate.

²⁶ **Camerium.** One of the Latin cities.

²⁷ **Master of the Knights.** Chief lieutenant.

²⁸ The Consuls usually had twelve lictors each ; the Dictator twenty-four.

IX

So Aulus was Dictator, -
 The man of seventy fights.
 He made Æbutius Elva 135
 His Master of the Knights.
 On the third morn thereafter,
 At dawning of the day,
 Did Aulus and Æbutius
 Set forth with their array. 140
 Sempronius Atratinus
 Was left in charge at home
 With boys, and with grey-headed men,
 To keep the walls of Rome.
 Hard by the Lake Regillus 145
 Our camp was pitched at night :
 Eastward a mile the Latines lay,
 Under the Porcian height.
 Far over hill and valley
 Their mighty host was spread ; 150
 And with their thousand watch-fires
 The midnight sky was red.

[The names of the towns which contributed to the Latin army of threescore thousand men, and their order of battle. All Latium was there to fight with Rome.]

X

Up rose the golden morning
 Over the Porcian height,
 The proud Ides of Quintilis 155
 Marked evermore with white.
 Not without secret trouble
 Our bravest saw the foes ;
 For girt by threescore thousand spears
 The thirty standards rose. 160

From every warlike city
 That boasts the Latian name,
 Foredoomed to dogs and vultures,
 That gallant army came ;
 From Setia's purple vineyards, 165
 From Norba's ancient wall,
 From the white streets of Tusculum,
 The proudest town of all ;
 From where the Witch's Fortress²⁹
 O'erhangs the dark-blue seas ; 170
 From the still glassy lake that sleeps
 Beneath Aricia's trees—
 Those trees in whose dim shadow
 The ghastly priest³⁰ doth reign,
 The priest who slew the slayer, 175
 And shall himself be slain ;
 From the drear banks of Ufens,³¹
 Where flights of marsh-fowl play,
 And buffaloes lie wallowing
 Through the hot summer's day ; 180
 From the gigantic watch-towers,
 No work of earthly men,
 Whence Cora's sentinels o'erlook
 The never-ending fen ;
 From the Laurentian³² jungle, 185
 The wild hog's reedy home ;
 From the green steep whence Anio leaps
 In floods of snow-white foam.

²⁹ **Witch's Fortress.** The town of Circeii, which Macaulay associates here with Circe, the enchantress.

³⁰ **ghastly priest.** The temple of Diana, in a grove near Aricia, had for its priest a runaway slave, who was to hold office until slain by another runaway slave stronger than he.

³¹ **Ufens.** A river.

³² **Laurentian jungle.** Marshy thickets near the town of Laurentum.

XI

Aricia, Cora, Norba,
 Velitrae, with the might 190
 Of Setia and of Tusculum,
 Were marshalled on the right :
 The leader was Mamilius,
 Prince of the Latian name ;
 Upon his head a helmet 195
 Of red gold shone like flame :
 High on a gallant charger
 Of dark-grey hue he rode :
 Over his gilded armour
 A vest of purple flowed, 200
 Woven in the land of sunrise
 By Syria's dark-browed daughters,
 And by the sails of Carthage³³ brought
 Far o'er the southern waters.

XII

Lavinium and Laurentum 205
 Had on the left their post,
 With all the banners of the marsh,
 And banners of the coast.
 Their leader was false Sextus,
 That wrought the deed of shame : 210
 With restless pace and haggard face
 To his last field he came.
 Men said he saw strange visions
 Which none beside might see,
 And that strange sounds were in his ears 215
 Which none might hear but he.

³³ Carthage. On the north coast of Africa. The Carthaginians were a commercial and sea-faring people.

A woman³⁴ fair and stately,
 But pale as are the dead,
 Oft through the watches of the night
 Sat spinning by his bed. 220
 And as she plied the distaff,
 In a sweet voice and low,
 She sang of great old houses,
 And fights fought long ago.
 So spun she, and so sang she, 225
 Until the east was grey,
 Then pointed to her bleeding breast,
 And shrieked, and fled away.

XIII

But in the centre thickest
 Were ranged the shields of foes, 230
 And from the centre loudest
 The cry of battle rose.
 There Tibur³⁵ marched and Pedum
 Beneath proud Tarquin's rule,
 And Ferentinum of the rock, 235
 And Gabii of the pool.
 There rode the Volscian succours :
 There, in a dark stern ring,
 The Roman exiles gathered close,
 Around the ancient king. 240
 Though white as Mount Soracte,³⁶
 When winter nights are long,
 His beard flowed down o'er mail and belt,
 His heart and hand were strong :

³⁴ a woman. Lucretia. After she had been wronged by Sextus, she stabbed herself and died.

³⁵ Tibur. The modern city of Tivoli.

³⁶ Soracte. A snow-capped mountain about twenty-five miles from Rome.

Under his hoary eyebrows 245
 Still flashed forth quenchless rage,
 And, if the lance shook in his gripe,
 'Twas more with hate than age.
 Close at his side was Titus
 On an Apulian³⁷ steed, 250
 Titus, the youngest Tarquin,
 Too good for such a breed.

[The battle begins. False Sextus flees from Herminius, one of the defenders of the bridge. Æbutius slays Tubero, but is severely wounded by Mamilius of Tusculum, and retires from the fight.]

XIV

Now on each side the leaders
 Gave signal for the charge ;
 And on each side the footmen 255
 Strode on with lance and targe ;³⁸
 And on each side the horsemen
 Struck their spurs deep in gore ;
 And front to front the armies
 Met with a mighty roar : 260
 And under that great battle
 The earth with blood was red ;
 And, like the Pomptine³⁹ fog at morn,
 The dust hung overhead ;
 And louder still and louder 265
 Rose from the darkened field
 The braying of the war-horns,
 The clang of sword and shield,
 The rush of squadrons sweeping
 Like whirlwinds o'er the plain, 270
 The shouting of the slayers,
 And screeching of the slain.

³⁷ Apulian. Apulia was one of the divisions of Italy.

³⁸ targe. shield.

³⁹ Pomptine. The Pontine marshes in the southern part of Latium.

XV

False Sextus rode out foremost :
 His look was high and bold ;
 His corslet was of bison's hide, 275
 Plated with steel and gold.
 As glares the famished eagle
 From the Digentian rock⁴⁰
 On a choice lamb that bounds alone
 Before Bandusia's⁴¹ flock, 280
 Herminius glared on Sextus,
 And came with eagle speed,
 Herminius on black Auster,⁴²
 Brave champion on brave steed ;
 In his right hand the broadsword 285
 That kept the bridge so well,
 And on his helm the crown⁴³ he won
 When proud Fidenæ fell.
 Woe to the maid whose lover
 Shall cross his path to-day ! 290
 False Sextus saw, and trembled,
 And turned, and fled away.
 As turns, as flies, the woodman
 In the Calabrian⁴⁴ brake,
 When through the reeds gleams the round eye 295
 Of that fell speckled snake ;
 So turned, so fled, false Sextus,
 And hid him in the rear,
 Behind the dark Lavinian ranks,
 Bristling with crest and spear. 300

⁴⁰ Digentian rock. A crag near the river Digentia.

⁴¹ Bandusia. A fountain.

⁴² Auster. The word signifies "the stormy south wind."

⁴³ crown. The first Roman to scale the walls of a besieged town received a crown of gold.

⁴⁴ Calabrian. Calabria forms the "heel" of Italy.

XVI

But far to north Æbutius,
 The Master of the Knights,
 Gave Tubero of Norba
 To feed the Porcian kites.
 Next under those red horse-hoofs 305
 Flaccus of Setia lay ;
 Better had he been pruning
 Among his elms⁴⁵ that day.
 Mamilius saw the slaughter,
 And tossed his golden crest, 310
 And towards the Master of the Knights
 Through the thick battle pressed.
 Æbutius smote Mamilius
 So fiercely on the shield
 That the great lord of Tusculum 315
 Well nigh rolled on the field.
 Mamilius smote Æbutius,
 With a good aim and true,
 Just where the neck and shoulder join,
 And pierced him through and through ; 320
 And brave Æbutius Elva
 Fell swooning to the ground :
 But a thick wall of bucklers
 Encompassed him around.
 His clients⁴⁶ from the battle 325
 Bare him some little space,
 And filled a helm from the dark lake,
 And bathed his brow and face ;

⁴⁵ Pruning the vines entwined around the trunks of the elms.

⁴⁶ clients. Servants attached to the Patrician families.

And when at last he opened
 His swimming eyes to light, 330
 Men say, the earliest word he spake
 Was, "Friends, how goes the fight?"

[*The struggle in the centre, where the ancient Tarquin is struck down. The Latins fight over him as he lies, and Titus kills Valerius, round whose body the struggle waxes hot.*]

XVII

But meanwhile in the centre
 Great deeds of arms were wrought;
 There Aulus the Dictator 335
 And there Valerius fought.
 Aulus with his good broadsword
 A bloody passage cleared
 To where, amidst the thickest foes,
 He saw the long white beard. 340
 Flat lighted that good broadsword
 Upon proud Tarquin's head.
 He dropped the lance: he dropped the reins:
 He fell as fall the dead.
 Down Aulus springs to slay him, 345
 With eyes like coals of fire;
 But faster Titus⁴⁷ hath sprung down,
 And hath bestrode his sire.
 Latian captains, Roman knights,
 Fast down to earth they spring, 350
 And hand to hand they fight on foot
 Around the ancient king.
 First Titus gave tall Caeso
 A death wound in the face;
 Tall Caeso was the bravest man 355
 Of the brave Fabian⁴⁸ race:

⁴⁷ Titus. Son of Tarquin the Proud.

⁴⁸ Fabian. The Fabii were a famous Roman family.

Aulus slew Rex of Gabii,
 The priest of Juno's shrine :
 Valerius smote down Julius,
 Of Rome's great Julian line ;⁴⁹ 360
 Julius, who left his mansion
 High on the Velian hill,⁵⁰
 And through all turns of weal and woe
 Followed proud Tarquin still.
 Now right across proud Tarquin 365
 A corpse was Julius laid ;
 And Titus groaned with rage and grief,
 And at Valerius made.
 Valerius struck at Titus,
 And lopped off half his crest ; 370
 But Titus stabbed Valerius
 A span deep in the breast.
 Like a mast snapped by the tempest,
 Valerius reeled and fell.
 Ah ! woe is me for the good house 375
 That loves the people well !
 Then shouted loud the Latines ;
 And with one rush they bore
 The struggling Romans backward
 Three lances' length and more : 380
 And up they took proud Tarquin,
 And laid him on a shield,
 And four strong yeoman bare him,
 Still senseless from the field.
 XVIII
 But fiercer grew the fighting 385
 Around Valerius dead ;
 For Titus dragged him by the foot,
 And Aulus by the head.

⁴⁹ The Julian house claimed to be descended from Iulus, son of Aeneas.

⁵⁰ Velian hill. The Velian hill was not far from the Forum in Rome.

"On, Latines, on!" quoth Titus,
 "See how the rebels fly!" 390
 "Romans, stand firm!" quoth Aulus,
 "And win this fight or die!
 They must not give Valerius
 To raven and to kite;
 For aye Valerius loathed the wrong, 395
 And aye upheld the right:
 And for your wives and babies
 In the front rank he fell.
 Now play the men for the good house
 That loves the people well!" 400

XIX

Then tenfold round the body
 The roar of battle rose,
 Like the roar of a burning forest,
 When a strong north wind blows.
 Now backward, and now forward, 405
 Rocked furiously the fray,
 Till none could see Valerius,
 And none wist where he lay.
 For shivered arms and ensigns
 Were heaped there in a mound, 410
 And corpses stiff, and dying men
 That writhed and gnawed the ground;
 And wounded horses kicking,
 And snorting purple foam:
 Right well did such a couch befit 415
 A Consular of Rome.

[*Mamilius is seen coming to the aid of the Latins. Cossus gallops off to summon Herminius, who comes at once. Mamilius flings himself athwart his course, and both champions are slain.*]

XX

But north looked the Dictator ;
North looked he long and hard ;
And spake to Caius Cossus,
The Captain of his Guard : 420
“Caius, of all the Romans
Thou hast the keenest sight ;
Say, what through yonder storm of dust
Comes from the Latian right ?”

XXI

Then answered Caius Cossus 425
“I see an evil sight ;
The banner of proud Tusculum
Comes from the Latian right :
I see the pluméd horsemen ;
And far before the rest 430
I see the dark-grey charger,
I see the purple vest ;
I see the golden helmet
That shines far off like flame ;
So ever rides Mamilius, 435
Prince of the Latian name.”

XXII

“Now hearken, Caius Cossus :
Spring on thy horse's back ;
Ride as the wolves of Apennine
Were all upon thy track ; 440
Haste to our southward battle :
And never draw thy rein
Until thou find Herminius,
And bid him come amain.”

XXIII

So Aulus spake, and turned him 445
 Again to that fierce strife;
 And Caius Cossus mounted,
 And rode for death and life.
 Loud clanged beneath his horse-hoofs
 The helmets of the dead, 450
 And many a curdling pool of blood
 Splashed him from heel to head.
 So came he far to southward,
 Where fought the Roman host,
 Against the banners of the marsh 455
 And banners of the coast.
 Like corn before the sickle
 The stout Lavinians fell,
 Beneath the edge of the true sword
 That kept the bridge so well. 460

XXIV

"Herminius: Aulus greets thee;
 He bids thee come with speed,
 To help our central battle:
 For sore is there our need.
 There wars the youngest Tarquin, 465
 And there the Crest of Flame,⁵¹
 The Tusculan Mamilius,
 Prince of the Latian name.
 Valerius hath fallen fighting
 In front of our array: 470
 And Aulus of the seventy fields
 Alone upholds the day."

⁵¹ Crest of Flame. The flaming crest on the helmet of Mamilius. See l. 434.

XXV

Herminius beat his bosom :
But never a word he spake.
He clapped his hand on Auster's mane, 475
He gave the reins a shake :
Away, away went Auster,
Like an arrow from the bow :
Black Auster was the fleetest steed
From Aufidus to Po.⁵² 480

XXVI

Right glad were all the Romans
Who, in that hour of dread,
Against great odds bare up the war
Around Valerius dead,
When from the south the cheering 485
Rose with a mighty swell ;
"Herminius comes, Herminius,
Who kept the bridge so well !"

XXVII

Mamilius spied Herminius,
And dashed across the way. 490
"Herminius ! I have sought thee
Through many a bloody day.
One of us two, Herminius,
Shall never more go home,
I will lay on for Tusculum, 495
And lay thou on for Rome !"

⁵² From Aufidus to Po. In all Italy. Aufidus was a river in the south of Italy ; Po, a river in the north.

XXVIII

All round them paused the battle,
 While met in mortal fray
 The Roman and the Tusculan,
 The horses black and grey. 500
 Herminius smote Mamilius
 Through breast-plate and through breast;
 And fast flowed out the purple blood
 Over the purple vest.
 Mamilius smote Herminius 505
 Through head-piece and through head;
 And side by side those chiefs of pride
 Together fell down dead.
 Down fell they dead together
 In a great lake of gore; 510
 And still stood all who saw them fall
 While men might count a score.

[Mamilius' charger dashes off to Tusculum, Black Auster remains by his master's body. Titus attempts to mount him, but is slain by Aulus the Dictator.]

XXIX

Fast, fast, with heels wild spurning,
 The dark-grey charger fled :
 He burst through ranks of fighting men; 515
 He sprang o'er heaps of dead.
 His bridle far out-streaming,
 His flanks all blood and foam,
 He sought the southern mountains,
 The mountains of his home. 520
 The pass was steep and rugged,
 The wolves they howled and whined;
 But he ran like a whirlwind up the pass,
 And he left the wolves behind.

Through many a startled hamlet 525
Thundered his flying feet ;
He rushed through the gate of Tusculum,
He rushed up the long white street ;
He rushed by tower and temple,
And paused not from his race 530
Till he stood before his master's door
In the stately market-place.
And straightway round him gathered
A pale and trembling crowd,
And when they knew him, cries of rage 535
Brake forth, and wailing loud :
And women rent their tresses
For their great prince's fall ;
And old men girt on their old swords,
And went to man the wall. 540

XXX

But, like a graven image,
Black Auster kept his place,
And ever wistfully he looked
Into his master's face.
The raven-mane that daily, 545
With pats and fond caresses,
The young Herminia washed and combed,
And twined in even tresses,
And decked with coloured ribands
From her own gay attire, 550
Hung sadly o'er her father's corpse
In carnage and in mire.
Forth with a shout sprang Titus,
And seized Black Auster's rein.
Then Aulus sware a fearful oath,
And ran at him amain. 555

"The furies of thy brother⁵³
 With me and mine abide,
 If one of your accursed house
 Upon black Auster ride!" 560
 As on an Alpine watch-tower
 From heaven comes down the flame,
 Full on the neck of Titus
 The blade of Aulus came :
 And out the red blood spouted, 565
 In a wide arch and tall,
 As spouts a fountain in the court
 Of some rich Capuan's⁵⁴ hall.
 The knees of all the Latines
 Were loosened with dismay 570
 When dead, on dead Herminius,
 The bravest Tarquin lay.

[Aulus prepares to mount black Auster, when he spies two strange horsemen by his side. These are Castor and Pollux, who charge at the head of the Roman army.]

XXXI

And Aulus the Dictator
 Stroked Auster's raven mane,
 With heed he looked unto the girths, 575
 With heed unto the rein.
 "Now bear me well, black Auster,
 Into yon thick array ;
 And thou and I will have revenge
 For thy good lord this day." 580

⁵³ thy brother. False Sextus, supposed to be haunted by the furies (the Greek goddesses of vengeance) for his crime.

⁵⁴ Capuan. Capua was a luxurious city in southern Italy.

XXXII

So spake he ; and was buckling
 Tighter black Auster's band,
 When he was aware of a princely pair
 That rode at his right hand.
 So like they were, no mortal 585
 Might one from other know :
 White as snow their armour was ;
 Their steeds were white as snow.
 Never on earthly anvil
 Did such rare armour gleam ; 590
 And never did such gallant steeds
 Drink of an earthly stream.

XXXIII

And all who saw them trembled,
 And pale grew every cheek ;
 And Aulus the Dictator 595
 Scarce gathered voice to speak.
 "Say by what name men call you ?
 What city is your home ?
 And wherefore ride ye in such guise
 Before the ranks of Rome ?" 600

XXXIV

"By many names men call us ;
 In many lands we dwell :
 Well Samothracia⁵⁵ knows us ;
 Cyrene knows us well.
 Our house in gay Tarentum⁵⁶ 605
 Is hung each morn with flowers :

⁵⁵ Samothracia. An island in the Aegean, where Castor and Pollux were worshipped.

⁵⁶ Tarentum. A Greek town in the south of Italy.

High o'er the masts of Syracuse⁵⁷
 Our marble portal towers ;
 But by the proud Eurotas⁵⁸
 Is our dear native home ; 610
 And for the right we come to fight
 Before the ranks of Rome."

XXXV

So answered those strange horsemen,
 And each couched low his spear ;
 And forthwith all the ranks of Rome 615
 Were bold, and of good cheer :
 And on the thirty armies
 Came wonder and affright,
 And Ardea wavered on the left,
 And Cora on the right. 620
 "Rome to the charge !" cried Aulus ;
 "The foe begins to yield !
 Charge for the hearth of Vesta !⁵⁹
 Charge for the Golden Shield !⁶⁰
 Let no man stop to plunder, 625
 But slay, and slay, and slay :
 The Gods who live forever
 Are on our side to-day."

⁵⁷ **Syracuse.** An important city in Sicily.

⁵⁸ **Eurotas.** A river in Greece, flowing past the city of Sparta.

⁵⁹ **Vesta.** The goddess of the hearth.

⁶⁰ **Golden Shield.** The shield of Mars which had fallen from heaven during the reign of Numa Pompilius, the second king of Rome.

[The Latins turn and flee. Many of their chiefs are slain, and above all false Sextus, who dies a coward's death.]

XXXVI

Then the fierce trumpet-flourish
 From earth to heaven arose. 630
 The kites know well the long stern swell
 That bids the Romans close.
 Then the good sword of Aulus
 Was lifted up to slay :
 Then, like a crag down Apennine, 635
 Rushed Auster through the fray.
 But under those strange horsemen
 Still thicker lay the slain :
 And after those strange horses
 Black Auster toiled in vain. 640
 Behind them Rome's long battle
 Came rolling on the foe,
 Ensigns dancing wild above,
 Blades all in line below.
 So comes the Po in flood-time 645
 Upon the Celtic plain :⁶¹
 So comes the squall, blacker than night,
 Upon the Adrian main.
 Now, by our Sire Quirinus,⁶²
 It was a goodly sight 650
 To see the thirty standards
 Swept down the tide of flight.
 So flies the spray of Adria
 When the black squall doth blow,
 So corn-sheaves in the flood-time 655
 Spin down the whirling Po.

⁶¹ Celtic plain. The north of Italy, inhabited by Celtic tribes.

⁶² Sire Quirinus. Romulus, the founder of Rome.

False Sextus to the mountains
 Turned first his horse's head ;
 And fast fled Ferentinum,
 And fast Lanuvium, fled. 660
 The horsemen of Nomentum
 Spurred hard out of the fray ;
 The footmen of Velitrae
 Threw shield and spear away.
 And underfoot was trampled, 665
 Amidst the mud and gore,
 The banner of proud Tusculum,
 That never stooped before :
 And down went Flavius Faustus,
 Who led his stately ranks 670
 From where the apple-blossoms wave
 On Anio's echoing banks,
 And Tullus of Arpinum,
 Chief of the Volscian aids,
 And Metius with the long fair curls, 675
 The love of Anxur's maids,
 And the white head of Vulso,
 The great Arician seer,
 And Nepos of Laurentum,
 The hunter of the deer ; 680
 And in the back false Sextus
 Felt the good Roman steel ;
 And wriggling in the dust he died,
 Like a worm beneath the wheel :
 And fliers and pursuers 685
 Were mingled in a mass ;
 And far away the battle
 Went roaring through the pass.

!The Dioscuri ride to Rome with news of victory. No one dares to ask who they are, and after washing their steeds in Vesta's fountain they vanish from mortal sight.]

XXXVII

Sempronius Atratinus	
Sate in the Eastern Gate,	690
Beside him were three Fathers,	
Each in his chair of state ;	
Fabius, whose nine stout grandsons	
That day were in the field,	
And Manlius, eldest of the Twelve ⁶³	695
Who kept the Golden Shield ;	
And Sergius, the High Pontiff, ⁶⁴	
For wisdom far renowned ;	
In all Etruria's colleges	
Was no such Pontiff found.	700
And all around the portal,	
And high above the wall,	
Stood a great throng of people,	
But sad and silent all ;	
Young lads, and stooping elders	705
That might not bear the mail,	
Matrons with lips that quivered,	
And maids with faces pale.	
Since the first gleam of daylight,	
Sempronius had not ceased	710
To listen for the rushing	
Of horse-hoofs from the east.	
The mist of eve was rising.	
The sun was hastening down,	

⁶³ **The Twelve.** In order to prevent the shield of Mars from being stolen, eleven others were made after the same pattern, and twelve priests were appointed to guard the twelve shields.

⁶⁴ **High Pontiff.** The chief priest.

When he was aware of a princely pair 715
 Fast pricking towards the town.
 So like they were, man never
 Saw twins so like before ;
 Red with gore their armour was,
 Their steeds were red with gore. 720

XXXVIII

“Hail to the great Asylum!⁶⁵
 Hail to the hill-tops seven !
 Hail to the fire⁶⁶ that burns for aye !
 And the shield that fell from heaven !
 This day, by Lake Regillus, 725
 Under the Porcian height,
 All in the lands of Tusculum
 Was fought a glorious fight.
 To-morrow your Dictator
 Shall bring in triumph home 730
 The spoils of thirty cities
 To deck the shrines of Rome !”

XXXIX

Then burst from that great concourse
 A shout that shook the towers,
 And some ran north, and some ran south, 735
 Crying, “The day is ours !”
 But on rode these strange horsemen,
 With slow and lordly pace ;
 And none who saw their bearing
 Durst ask their name or race. 740

⁶⁵ Asylum. Romulus was said to have promised a refuge to all fugitives, in the newly-founded city of Rome.

⁶⁶ the fire, In the temple of Vesta.

On rode they to the Forum,
 While laurel-boughs and flowers,
 From house-tops and from windows,
 Fell on their crests in showers.
 When they drew nigh to Vesta, 745
 They vaulted down amain,
 And washed their horses in the well
 That springs by Vesta's fane.
 And straight again they mounted,
 And rode to Vesta's door ; 750
 Then, like a blast, away they passed,
 And no man saw them more.

[The Pontiff tells the Romans who their god-like visitors are, and bids the citizens build a temple to them and establish an annual procession in their honour.]

XL

And all the people trembled,
 And pale grew every cheek ;
 And Sergius the High Pontiff 755
 Alone found voice to speak :
 " The gods who live for ever
 Have fought for Rome to-day !
 These be the Great Twin Brethren
 To whom the Dorians⁶⁷ pray. 760
 Back comes the Chief in triumph,
 Who, in the hour of fight,
 Hath seen the Great Twin Brethren
 In harness on his right.
 Safe comes the ship to haven, 765
 Through billows and through gales,

⁶⁷ Dorians. The Spartans belonged to the Dorian branch of the Greek people.

If once the Great Twin Brethren
 Sit shining on the sails.⁶⁸
 Wherefore they washed their horses
 In Vesta's holy well, 770
 Wherefore they rode to Vesta's door,
 I know, but may not tell.
 Here, hard by Vesta's Temple,
 Build we a stately dome
 Unto the Great Twin Brethren 775
 Who fought so well for Rome.
 And when the months returning
 Bring back this day of fight,
 The proud Ides of Quintilis,
 Marked evermore with white,
 Unto the Great Twin Brethren 780
 Let all the people throng,
 With chaplets and with offerings,
 With music and with song ;
 And let the doors and windows 785
 Be hung with garlands all,
 And let the Knights be summoned
 To Mars without the wall :
 Thence let them ride in purple
 With joyous trumpet-sound, 790
 Each mounted on his war-horse,
 And each with olive crowned ;
 And pass in solemn order
 Before the sacred dome,
 Where dwell the Great Twin Brethren 795
 Who fought so well for Rome ! "

—*Macaulay.*

⁶⁸ Castor and Pollux were the special guardians of sailors at sea. When, during a thunderstorm, a light played around the masts and sails of the ship, Castor and Pollux were supposed to be present, watching over the fortunes of the vessel.

NOTES

THE ANCIENT MARINER

The Ancient Mariner was written by the poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge in the year 1798, while he was living at Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire. The poem was planned and partly written while Coleridge and his friend Wordsworth were on a walking tour in Somerset. It is written in the form of a ballad, a style of poem which was used by minstrels in mediaeval times. In writing the poem, Coleridge wished to express the idea that the spiritual beings of the invisible world have more influence on the lives and actions of human beings than we think; and, as might be expected, these "invisible beings of the universe" play an important part in the story. The poem tells of the experiences of an "Ancient Mariner," that is, an old sailor, who was punished for his cruelty and hardness of heart, but who came, at length, to love "all things both great and small"; and the most important parts of the story are those which describe the feelings of the Mariner. The Mariner tells his story to a Wedding Guest, who against his will is forced to stop to listen to the Mariner's tale because he is held under a spell by the "glittering eye" of the Mariner. The poem from time to time describes the feelings of the Wedding Guest as the Mariner tells his story; and it shows the effect of the story on him in causing him to think less of worldly things and in making him "a sadder and a wiser man."

The Ancient Mariner is, of course, merely a fanciful tale, for the events narrated in the story could not possibly have taken place. But the poet has placed the scene of his story in the unknown and mysterious regions of the southern seas:—

"We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea,"—

and this makes it more easy for us to imagine, as we read, that the story of the Mariner might actually be true. But the fact that it is a purely fanciful poem does not detract from its charm. The exquisite imagery and the quaint, haunting music of the Mariner's story hold the reader and the Wedding Guest alike under its spell, and "the Mariner hath his will."

PART I.

The ship set out and sailed southward until it reached the equator. It was then driven out of its course by a storm, and was carried into the south polar regions, "the land of ice and of fearful sounds where no living thing was to be seen". An albatross at length came to the ship and the sailors welcomed it and fed it till it grew tame. But the Mariner, out of sheer cruelty and hardness of heart, shot it. In the meantime the boat passed through the ice, and now began to sail northward.

Rime. Here, poem. This is the older spelling; the modern spelling, *rhyme*, is due to confusion with the word *rhythm*.

Ancient. Here simply means "old."

3. Why was the Mariner's eye "glittering"?

11. loon. A stupid fellow.

12. Eftsoons. At once; literally, soon after.

21. cheered. By those on shore.

32. bassoon. A deep-toned wind instrument.

36. minstrelsy. Musicians. Why were they "nodding their heads"?

46. who. One who.

55. drifts. Drifting mist and snow.

clifts. Cliffs.

57. ken. Perceive.

62. swoond. Swoon.

63. albatross. A large bird, found in the southern seas, with wings measuring from twelve to fifteen feet from tip to tip.

64. Thorough. Through.

69. thunder-fit. Noise like a peal of thunder.

71. What direction are they now sailing?

74. hollo. Call.

75. shroud. Rope.

76. vespers. Evenings.

PART II.

The sailors at first blamed the Mariner for killing the albatross, for they thought that it brought the "good south wind," and they were afraid that the breeze would now stop blowing. But the weather remained fine, the fog and mist cleared away, and the sailors now began to praise the Mariner for killing the bird "that

brought the fog and mist". But before long they were becalmed in the tropical south seas. The heat became intense; the water was covered with slime; and they were parched with thirst. Some of the sailors had dreams in which it was revealed to them that they were being "plagued" by the spirit of the polar seas who wished to punish them for killing the albatross; and they blamed the Ancient Mariner for their misery.

97. The sky became clear. The sun did not rise dimly through the mist, but shone "like God's own head".

98. **uprist.** Uprose.

104. The water was calm, and there was no storm to disturb the track (furrow) in the wake of the ship.

114. The sun looks smaller when there are no clouds in the sky.

127. **in reel and rout.** Twisting about in confusion.

128. **death-fires.** Luminous gases given off by the slime. They are called death-fires because they are sometimes seen in graveyards, and are supposed by superstitious people to portend death.

129. **a witch's oils.** Coloured lights used by magicians to add mystery to their charms.

131. **assurèd were.** Learned; it was revealed to them.

141-2. This is another way of saying that the Mariner bore the guilt of the crime.

PART III.

In the midst of their misery the Mariner saw on the horizon a dim speck, which, as it came nearer and grew more distinct, seemed like a ship; but it moved in a zig-zag course, and there was neither wind nor tide to account for its motion. Then as it passed across the face of the setting sun they saw that it was only the skeleton of a ship. On the deck of this phantom vessel there were only two people, a hideous woman known as Death-in-Life, and a figure resembling Death. These two were casting dice to see to whose lot the Mariner should fall, and as the sailors watched the "game," the woman cried in glee, "I've won! I've won!" This meant that the Mariner had fallen to her lot, and that while the sailors would be relieved of their misery by death, he must live on in misery worse than death. Darkness now came on; the spectre bark disappeared in the distance; and as the moon rose, the sailors one by one dropped dead on the deck. But at they did so, the Mariner

knew by the look in their eyes that they were cursing him for having brought this fate upon them.

152. **I wist.** I knew; I was aware.

155. **sprite.** Spirit.

156. When a vessel "tacks" it turns its head towards the wind; when it "veers" it turns away from the wind.

167-70. Because the vessel is not tacking, but is sailing towards them without breeze or tide, the Mariner knows that it is not coming to do them any good (weal).

184. **gossameres.** Fine cobwebs floating in the air.

198. **whistles.** Sailors considered whistling a bad omen.

211. Is it possible for a star to appear *within* the tip of the moon?

212. **star-dogged.** Followed by a star.

PART IV.

When the sailors dropped dead on the deck the Mariner was left alone, and his loneliness added to his agony. He despised the "thousand thousand slimy things" on the sea. Why, thought he, should they be allowed to live while all these men "so beautiful" lie dead? He could not pray, for his heart was still hard, and wicked thoughts filled his mind. Seven days and seven nights he saw the curse in the eyes of the dead men, and he longed to die, but could not. But at last, he knew not how, a change came over him. When the moon and stars went up the sky his heart was touched with their beauty; and as he looked at the water-snakes with their changing colours and their "tracks of shining white" in the moonlight, he suddenly felt that they too were happy and beautiful things. And now at last he could pray, and his punishment was eased with his repentance for his crime.

227. **ribbed.** Rippling lines of sand left behind by the waves as the tide goes out.

245. **or ever.** Before ever.

267-8. The moonbeams shining on the slimy surface of the water made it look like hoar frost; but this was only a mockery, for it was sultry.

270. **charmed.** As if under a spell.

274. The slime on the surface of the water was phosphorescent, and when it was disturbed by the water-snakes it gave off light.

285. **unaware.** Spontaneously; without thinking.

290. The punishment for his crime was eased.

PART V.

The Mariner now fell into a refreshing sleep, and when he awoke it was raining. An electrical storm passed overhead, and though the wind did not reach the ship it began to move. Then a strange thing happened. A troop of angelic spirits entered the bodies of the dead men, and they arose and worked the ship "as they were wont to do". At dawn they gathered around the mast and uttered angelic sounds. In the meantime the ship was still sailing on, for the troop of angelic spirits had commanded the spirit of the polar regions to move it onward. But when the ship reached the line (or equator) the polar spirit could go no further, and yet was unwilling to let the ship go until the Mariner had expiated his crime. But suddenly it bounded forward, and the Mariner learned in a trance from the conversation of two spirits that the polar spirit had let him go because he had already done penance and was to do still more, to expiate his crime.

294. **Mary Queen.** The Virgin Mary.

297. **silly.** Here, empty and useless. "Silly" originally meant happy; then it came to mean, simple, useless, foolish.

298. **so.** That is, empty, useless.

314. **fire-flags.** Flashes of light.

319. **sedge.** A coarse-leaved water plant.

333. **had been.** Would have been; past subjunctive.

348. **corse.** Corpses.

362. **jargoning.** Confused singing; literally, chattering.

383-4. The Marginal Glossary in Part II stated that the ship reached "the line" before it was becalmed. That was evidently an error or mis-statement on the part of Coleridge.

395. **living.** Conscious.

407. **honey-dew.** A sweet liquid exuded by plant-lice on the leaves of plants.

PART VI.

As the two spirits continued their conversation, the Mariner learned from them that although there was neither wind nor tide,

the ship was now being mysteriously carried forward because the air was "cut away before," and was closing from behind. When the Mariner awoke from his trance, the dead men were still gathered around the mast and their glittering eyes were fixed on him. The curse with which they died had never passed away, and he could hardly take his eyes from them. But at length he looked far out over the sea, so that he saw nothing of what was happening on the deck, for he was afraid to look at the dead men again. And now at length, to his great joy, the Mariner approached his own country again, and the ship entered the harbour. The water was so calm that every object was reflected in it, and as the Mariner looked at the ship as mirrored in the water, many crimson-coloured lights appeared in the image. He turned his eyes back to the deck to find the cause, and to his astonishment he saw that the bodies of the sailors had fallen flat and that the band of seraphs were standing over them waving their hands as a signal to the pilot to come out to the vessel. Soon the Mariner heard the pilot and his boy coming in their boat, and as they approached he saw that the good hermit was with them, and he rejoiced to think that he might now confess his sin and be forgiven.

424-5. If the air were rushing in from behind to fill a vacuum in front of the ship, it would carry the ship with it. But no explanation is given as to what caused the air to be "cut away before".

427. **belated.** Kept late. No suggestion is given as to where the spirits are going.

435. **charnel-dungeon.** A vault where dead bodies are held, awaiting burial.

445. He saw little of what he would otherwise have seen if he had been looking at the deck.

468. **harbour-bar.** The bar of sand that had formed at the mouth of the harbour.

473. **strewn.** Spread out.

482. **shadows.** Reflections of the shapes on the deck.

489. **rood.** Cross.

507. **blast.** Destroy.

512. **shrieve.** Hear confession and grant absolution.

PART VII.

When the pilot and the hermit approached the ship they were filled with wonder; for by this time the crimson lights had vanished and they saw that the planks of the ship were warped and that the sails were thin like the skeletons of withered leaves. Just as they reached the side of the ship a dreadful sound was heard from beneath the water, and suddenly the bay seemed to split asunder. The ship sank like lead; but the Mariner floated and was saved by the pilot's boat. At the sight of him both the pilot and the hermit were afraid, for it seemed to them that he must be some evil spirit. But when they reached the land the Mariner in his agony of soul told the hermit his tale and begged him to grant him absolution for his sins.

524. *throw*. Think.

535. *ivy-tod*. Ivy-bush.

537. *That*. The wolf.

575. *crossed his brow*. Made the sign of the cross on his forehead. Why?

586. *like night*. Swiftly and mysteriously.

623. *of sense forlorn*. Insensible to his surroundings.

624. He was sadder because he knew that he had lived for worldly things, and wiser because he knew how to direct his life better in the future.

QUESTIONS

1. Was the killing of the albatross by the Mariner really a serious crime? Give reasons for your answer.

2. Show how the Mariner and the sailors respectively were punished. Whose punishment was the greater?

3. Show how it was that the Mariner came to have a change of heart.

4. What part does the "troop of spirits blest" play in the story?

5. Tell the story of what happened to the Mariner from the time that "the albatross fell off" (l. 290) until the ship "drifted o'er the harbour bar" (l. 468).

6. At what different points in the story is the Wedding Guest mentioned? Show what his feelings were, upon first meeting the Mariner, while the Mariner was telling his tale, and after the Mariner had concluded the story.

7. "Each of the seven parts of the poem contains at least one passage describing some beautiful or striking scene." Point out these passages.

ENOCH ARDEN.

Published in 1864.

2. Evidently a stream comes down through the chasm and the wide mouth of the stream forms a harbour. See line 690.

3. **Beyond.** At one side of the harbour.

red roofs. Roofs covered with red tile.

6. **down.** A bare sandy hill.

7. **Danish barrows.** Burial mounds supposed to date back to the time of the Danes.

16. **lumber.** Waste material; clumsy, useless articles.

17. **swarthy.** Black or brown in colour.

18. **fluke.** The hook or wing of the anchor.

25-6. A suggestion of what is to take place later in the lives of these three.

38. The stronger passions of youth.

63. **great and small.** Old and young.

67. **prone.** Sloping down precipitously.

68. **To feather.** The wood was denser in the hollow (see line 444), than along the upper edges of the slope.

84-8. Enoch Arden was "a rough sailor lad" without education; and Tennyson throughout the poem tries to soften down the prosaic features of his life and to picture him as a man with nobler impulses and resolves.

92-100. An effort to dress up in more attractive form the prosaic fact that Enoch made his living by peddling fish.

93. **ocean-spoil.** Fish.

94. **ocean-smelling osier.** Willow baskets having an odour of the sea.

96. **market-cross.** In old days crosses were frequently erected in market places.

98. **portal-warding lion-whelp.** The carved figure of a lion placed over the gateway as if to guard the entrance.

99. **peacock-yewtree.** A yewtree trimmed in the form of a peacock. The yewtree is an evergreen.

100. Enoch provided the fish which were used on Friday.

110. He had competition in his trade.

128-31. A little cloud sometimes throws the sea into shadow around you, but away on the horizon you see a bright spot (an isle of light) on the water, which shows that the sun is shining there. So with Enoch. His misfortune was a shadow on his life, but the future was bright and he knew that the little cloud would pass away.

the offing. The part of the sea that lies some distance off the shore.

154. **Appraised.** Judged.

168. **his old sea-friend.** His boat.

172-81. Analyse grammatically.

184. **Save as his Annie's.** He laughed at the fears themselves, but was grieved that she should be troubled by fears.

186-7. **that mystery, etc.** In prayer the divine side of man's nature comes into communion with the human sympathy of God's nature.

196. **Nay.** He sees that Annie does not like his words of seeming disparagement.

212-3. Are these prophecies fulfilled?

222-6. Most of these phrases are taken from the Bible.

235-6. See lines 892-901.

248. **chime with.** Agree with ; to carry out his wishes.

253. **still.** Always.

266. **who best could tell.** The physician.

286. **passion.** What is the predicate?

329. **garth.** Garden.

340. **conies.** Rabbits.

342. **the offence of charitable.** The offence of appearing to give charity.

379. **whitening.** Showing the light underside of the leaves as the children plunged through the bushes.

382. **tawny.** Yellowish-brown in colour.

414. **fast my wife.** Bound to me as my wife.

441. **dead flame.** The sun was no longer shining brightly on the barrow.

473. Annoyed that their calculations as to the marriage of Philip and Annie had not come true.

493. She had prayed for a sign, but the expectation that some sign might be sent filled her with terror and she could not endure it.

498. "And she dwelt under the palm tree of Deborah."—*Judges* iv., 5.

504. *Malachi* iv., 2.

505-6. *Mark* xi., 8-10.

510. So. If.

529. the Biscay. The Bay of Biscay.

531. the summer of the world. The tropics.

532. the Cape. The Cape of Good Hope.

536. the golden isles. The East Indies.

542. sea-circle. The circle of which the horizon formed the boundary. This circle was constantly changing with the progress of the vessel.

543. full-busted figurehead. It was the custom to have a carved figure or bust, generally the image of the Virgin, at the prow of the vessel.

557. so wild that it was tame. Never having seen human beings, they had not learned to fear them.

569. Fire-hollowing. Burning out the centre with fire.

571. God's warning. God's warning that he could not help himself, that he could only wait for help to come.

572. lawns. Open grassy spaces in the woods.

573. glades. Narrower spaces than lawns.

579. broad belt. The torrid zone.

586. zenith. The point in the heavens which is directly overhead.

597. globed. Suggests larger and more brilliant stars.

598. hollower. Because of the silence of the night.

602-605. Either the spirit of the old friends and scenes came to him, or his spirit went out to them. Two ways of saying the same thing—that there came before his mind the vague images of former scenes.

many phantoms. Many images went to make up the day dream.

610. dewy-gloom. Looking darker in the early morning because covered with dew.

615. A suggestion that in some mysterious way the sound of the marriage bells of Annie and Philip was borne to him.

633. **silent.** They were so far from the island that they could not hear the sound of the waterfall.

640. **rage.** Because he could not make himself understood.

642. **sweet water.** Fresh water.

653. **county.** This word was changed to "country" in a later edition.

659. **down thro' all his blood.** He breathed deeply of the air he loved.

661. **ghostly wall.** The white chalk cliffs of southern England.

670-2. Through both gorges there came up a mist from the sea. See lines 102-3.

675. **holt.** Woodland.

tilth. Tilled ground.

679. Why does the poet represent Enoch as returning in the thick mist rather than in the bright sunshine?

688. **A bill of sale.** A notice that the house was for sale.

690. **pool.** Harbour.

692. **timber-crost antiquity.** Built in the old style, with the timbers showing on the outside,—the spaces between being filled in with plaster.

737. **shingle.** Gravel.

793. **tranced.** A trance is any state in which the bodily functions are for the time suspended. Here Enoch is in a half-swoon.

797. **burthen.** A refrain or chorus. Strictly speaking, the word signifies the bass accompaniment or undersong.

801-4. Just as fresh water from a spring in the ocean rises through the salt water and keeps alive the mariner who drinks of it; so prayer springing out of his resolve (will) never to let her know came up through the bitterness of his life and "kept him a living soul."

807. **enow.** Enough.

829. The lower edges of the cloud or mist which the wind lifts.

910. "The calling of the sea is a term used, I believe, chiefly in the western parts of England, to signify a ground swell. When this occurs on a windless night, the echo of it rings through the timbers of the old houses in a haven." (Tennyson.) A ground-swell is a heavy swell due to a violent gale. It is often felt for some days afterwards and on shores which are far distant from the scene of the storm.

QUESTIONS

1. What are the qualities you admire in Enoch as he is described in the first part of the poem ?

2. What were the circumstances that led Enoch to take the position of boatswain on the vessel bound for China ? Why did Annie not wish him to go ?

3. What led Philip to offer assistance to Annie ? In what different ways did he help her ? Why was she so reluctant to marry him ?

4. How did Enoch come to be shipwrecked ? In what respects was the island "rich" ? How long did Enoch remain on it ? How did he pass the time ? How did he come to be rescued ?

5. Tell the story of Enoch's return home.

6. Why did he not reveal himself to Annie on his return ?

7. Show in what respects Enoch's conversations with Miriam Lane add to our interest in the story.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

The story of *The Prisoner of Chillon* is founded on certain events in the life of Francis Bonnivard, a Swiss patriot, who was imprisoned in the Fortress of Chillon for six years. Bonnivard was born in 1496. He belonged to a noble family, and inherited a rich priory near Geneva. When the republic was attacked in 1519 by Charles III Duke of Savoy, Bonnivard came to its defence. After many adventures he was taken prisoner by the Duke in 1530, and consigned to the dungeon of Chillon. He was liberated in 1536 when the castle fell into the hands of the Swiss patriots. From this time until his death in 1571 he was prominent in the affairs of the republic.

Byron wrote this poem in 1816, a few days after visiting Chillon. At that time he was not familiar with the true facts in the life of Bonnivard and his story contains numerous details which have no foundation in reality.

The castle of Chillon is situated on a rock in Lake Geneva, and is connected with the mainland by a bridge. It was built in 1218, and served both as a fortress and a prison.

11. Bonnivard was imprisoned for political reasons, not on account of his religion.

14. tenets. Beliefs.

25. Not historically true. Francis Bonnivard was the only one of his family who was imprisoned in Chillon.

27. **seven pillars.** In reality there are eight, one of which is partly built into the wall.

Gothic. A style of architecture introduced during the Middle Ages. Among other characteristics it was marked by high pointed windows and clustered pillars.

35. **a marsh's meteor lamp.** The Will o' the Wisp,—luminous gases rising from the marsh.

38. **cankering.** Corroding.

52. **But.** Except.

livid. Leaden coloured ; literally, black and blue.

57. **the pure elements of earth.** Such as pure water and sunlight.

84. **sleepless summer.** With no night to mark the hours for sleep.

85. The light shining on the snow is personified as the child of the sun, clad in white.

95. **had stood.** Past subjunctive.

105. **a gulf.** An abyss.

107. **Lake Leman.** The Roman name for Lake Geneva.

108. The greatest depth of the lake is 1056 ft.

112. **enthral.** Encompasses ; holds captive.

121. **wanton.** Literally, without restraint ; hence, playful.

131. **had little care.** Did not mind it.

138. **these.** The water and the bread.

141. **had grown cold.** Past subjunctive.

148. **gnash.** Literally, to strike or grind together. Does Byron mean this ?

153. **corse.** Corpse ; a poetical form of the word.

172-3. He had shown thus far a high spirit, whether natural to him, or something seemingly inspired.

181. The face swollen and working convulsively in the struggle for life.

208. **admonished.** Reproved. The knowledge that it was hopeless did not prevent his fear.

214. **dungeon-dew.** The dampness of the dungeon.

230. **a selfish death.** Suicide.

237. **scarce conscious what I wist.** Scarcely conscious of what I knew. *Conscious* is an appositive, not a predicate adjective. The line following is the completion of *was*.

wist. See High School Grammar, page 176.

238. Quite shut off from everything else.

243. He saw nothing. Vacancy absorbed all space.

244. **fixedness, without a place.** His attention was not fixed on any definite thing ; but yet his mind stood still, was inactive.

247-8. His breath was almost motionless. He seemed to have no life, yet was not dead.

249-50. He compares his mind in this state of trance to a stagnant sea, without light, limit, sound or movement.

256. **Ran over.** Shed tears.

257-8. Because filled with tears.

281. **thine.** Thy captivity.

284. Distinguish *visitant* and *visitor*.

317. **fell blind.** Became suddenly blind.

327. **had made.** Past subjunctive.

330. **the mountains.** The Alps.

335. **wide long lake.** Lake Geneva is about forty-five miles long and its greatest width is about nine miles.

336. **Rhone.** Where it enters Lake Geneva.

339. **town.** Vevay or Villeneuve, about six miles distant.

341. **a little isle.** Byron in a note speaks of this small island as between the entrances of the Rhone and the Villeneuve.

354. **Methought.** See High School Grammar, page 272.

364. **too much oppressed.** By the brightness of the world outside at which he had been looking.

368. **no hope my eyes to raise.** No hope, which would make me raise my eyes.

369. **their dreary mote.** Their dulness. A mote is a particle of dust.

378. **a hermitage.** A hermit's cave or cell ; a retreat.

382. **sullen.** Gloomy.

390. **communion.** Association with our surroundings.

QUESTIONS

1. Why, according to Byron, was Bonnivard imprisoned? What was the real reason? How long was he in prison?

2. In what part of the castle was Bonnivard's prison? (Section VI.). Describe the inside of the prison (Sections II. and XII.).

3. How did Bonnivard's two brothers differ in disposition?

4. Under what circumstances did Bonnivard gain permission to walk about in his prison?

5. What were the chief things which he saw when he climbed to look out of his dungeon window?

6. Point out at least three details in the story, that are intended to awaken feelings of pity for Bonnivard.

7. (a) "The youngest whom my father loved, . . .

For him my soul was sorely moved." (ll. 73-6).

Why did his youngest brother "move" him so strongly?

(b) "To him this dungeon was a gulf,

And fetter'd feet the worst of ills." (ll. 155-6).

Explain why.

(c) "What next befell me then and there,

I know not well—I never knew." (ll. 231-2).

By reference to the lines following (ll. 233-62), show what actually did happen to him.

(d) "I never saw its like before;

I ne'er shall see its likeness more." (ll. 271-2).

Why did this bird appear to him to be so different from all others?

(e) "And then new tears came in my eye,

And I felt troubled." (ll. 356-7).

Why did he feel troubled?

(f) "Even I

Regained my freedom with a sigh." (ll. 391-2).

Why did he feel regret at leaving his prison?

8. In the following lines the poet says that the prison of Chillon is "a holy place". What reason does he give for his statement?

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,

And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,

Until his very steps have left a trace

Worn, as if thy pavement were a sod,

By Bonnivard!—May none those marks efface!

For they appeal from tyranny to God."

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

First published in 1751.

An Elegy is a poem or song expressing the writer's feelings of sorrow or mourning. The churchyard referred to in the poem is that of Stoke Pogis in Buckinghamshire, where Gray's mother lived during the latter part of her life. Gray is buried in this churchyard.

9. **yonder ivy-mantled tower.** The tower of the village church at Stoke Pogis.

13. **that yew-tree's shade.** It has been suggested that this should read, "that yew-trees shade," because the yew is not a large tree. In that case the meaning would be "those rugged elms that shade the yew-trees of the churchyard."

16. **rude.** Lacking refinement, unpolished.

17. **incense-breathing.** Breathing fragrance.

26. **glebe.** Sod, turf.

29. **Ambition.** Ambitious people. Such personification is frequent throughout the poem.

33. **The boast of heraldry.** The pride of lineage or family descent. Heraldry was the science that dealt with armorial bearings; and a family who were versed in heraldry and knew the meaning and history of their coat-of-arms might be in a position to boast of their lineage.

38. **trophies.** Memorials to commemorate their great deeds.

39. **fretted vault.** The arched ceiling ornamented with fretwork.

41. **storied urn.** A vessel containing the ashes of the dead, and inscribed with a record of his virtues.

animated bust. A life-like image.

43. **provoke.** Call forth.

41-44. What is the use of such trophies? they cannot bring the dead back to life, and neither honour nor flattery can appeal to those who are dead.

46. **pregnant with celestial fire.** Filled with the poetic spirit.

48. **the living lyre.** The musical instrument seeming almost as if it had life.

51. Their poetic fervour (rage) was repressed by poverty.

52. **the genial current of their soul.** The flow of their finer feelings and emotions.

58. **The little tyrant of his fields.** The landowner who attempted to tyrannize over him.

60. **guiltless of his country's blood.** The general opinion held of Cromwell in the eighteenth century was that he was a cruel tyrant who was "guilty of his country's blood." The village Cromwell is guiltless because he has had no opportunity to act the part of a real Cromwell.

61. **senates.** Assemblies.

64. In the gratitude of the nation they saw the results of their own efforts.

65-72. If their humble lot prevented the development of their best qualities, it also limited their opportunity for doing wrong. It prevented them from becoming tyrannical, from telling what is false, from having to conceal their feelings of shame, and from accepting the flattery which poets too often bestow upon their proud and wealthy patrons.

70. **ingenuous.** Without artifice, frank, open-hearted.

73. This line is adjectival to the pronoun *they* implied in *their*.

madding. Maddening, distracting.

76. **tenour.** Course.

78. **still.** Always, in all cases.

81. **unlettered.** Uneducated.

87. **the warm precincts of the cheerful day.** The warm bright earth.

precincts. Limits, boundaries.

88. **nor cast.** Without casting.

90. **pious drops.** Tears which are due to the dying (Lat. *pious*, dutiful). It soothes the dying to know that some-one is weeping for their loss.

91. Even the dead seem to cry out for remembrance.

93. **thee.** The poet is addressing himself.

94. **artless.** Simple, without deceit.

97. **Haply.** Perhaps. **Swain.** Country man, rustic.

105. **smiling.** Modifies *he*, l. 106.

108. **Or . . . or.** Either . . . or, a poetical form.

123. **Science.** Knowledge, in the wide sense of the word.

126-8. His merits and his weaknesses are both alike left in the hands of God.

dread abode. Explained by the last line, which is in apposition. trembling. With fear or anxiety.

QUESTIONS

1. In the first three stanzas what features of the evening landscape does the poet mention? What sounds are mentioned?

2. What example of "useful toil" (l. 29), and of "homely joys" (l. 30), has the poet given in the preceding stanzas?

3. The poet thinks that under different circumstances some of those who are buried "in this neglected spot" might have become great men. What was it that prevented them? In what different ways might they have become distinguished? On the other hand what "crimes" might they have been guilty of had it not been for their humble lot?

4. How does the poet account for the fact that over the graves of even these humble people some "rude memorial" has been erected? What does he say of the inscriptions on these stones?

5. What does the poet say of himself in ll. 98-108, and in the Epitaph?

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

2. merle. Blackbird.

mavis. Thrush.

4. Saxon Cædmon. An Anglo-Saxon poet of the seventh century. In one of his poems he says that God was "blithe of heart" after the Creation.

6. Upon the approach of Spring the buds appear on the boughs, waving in the air like banners in the front (vanguard) of an army.

8. their fluttering signals. The waterfalls seen at a distance look like white signals waving from the edge of the precipice.

12. See *Matthew*, x., 29-31.

17. the Sound. Long Island Sound.

25. Killingworth. There is a town named Killingworth in Connecticut; but it is doubtful whether Longfellow had any

particular town in mind. The name *Killingworth* is in keeping with the theme of the story.

30. Cassandra was the daughter of Priam, King of Troy. She was gifted with the power of prophecy, with the added condition that her prophecies should never be believed.

33. **was convened.** Strictly speaking, this should be "was convoked." *Convene* means "to come together"; *convoke* means "to call together."

36. **black-mail.** Robbers are said to levy blackmail when they extort payment of money in return for protection against attack. In this case the birds levied blackmail in the form of insects which they found in the gardens and cornfields.

39. **The skeleton.** See note on *The Old Clock on the Stairs*, l. 37.

52. **Edwards.** Jonathan Edwards, a New England clergyman of the eighteenth century, who wrote a book on *The Freedom of the Will*.

54. **Adirondac.** The Adirondacks are a range of mountains in the State of New York.

59. **the Preceptor.** The teacher.

63. **a sonnet.** A poem of fourteen lines containing the development of a single thought.

66. **voluminous.** Bulky, containing many folds.

67. **sable bombazine.** Black cloth composed of a mixture of wool and silk.

70. **incarnate.** In the flesh, in bodily form.

89. **Plato.** A celebrated Greek philosopher who lived 427-347 B.C. One of the best known of his works is *The Republic*.

anticipating the Reviewers. In modern times a poet's work is reviewed, or criticized, so harshly that the poet is discouraged. In banishing the poets, then, Plato did only what the Reviewers are doing now.

93. **the Troubadours.** Wandering singers. The Troubadours were a class of lyric poets who first appeared in France about the twelfth century.

96. See *I. Samuel*, xvi., 15-23.

100. Jargonizing. Uttering a confused medley of sounds; chattering.

103. Linnet. A European song-bird. We have no linnets in America.

109. weevil. A kind of beetle.

122. leaf-latticed. The leaves form a delicate framework through which the sun shines.

124. madrigal. A short simple love poem.

138. windrows. Rows of hay cut and left to dry before being raked into heaps.

140. hurdy-gurdies. Stringed instruments whose sounds are produced by friction. How are the sounds of the locust and the grasshopper produced?

142. roundelay. A song or tune in which the first strain is repeated.

143. field-fare. A bird belonging to the thrush family.

146. wardens. Keepers, guardians.

147. insidious. Stealthy, treacherous, working secretly.

150. man-at-arms. A heavily-armed soldier.

152. crying havoc. Killing without mercy.

155. in its weakness or excess. In insect or bird, as well as in man.

157-8. God's power (omnipotence) is seen in all life, and it is present also in death, although we cannot see it because we cannot look into the spiritual world.

165. fine-spun. Delicate.

172. Their words of praise are compared to the crown which was placed on the brows (temples) of the victor in the Greek games.

173. each one more than each. Each one trying to outdo the other.

179. fusillade. Discharge of their guns.

184. St. Bartholomew. A reference to the massacre of the French Protestants, or Huguenots, on St. Bartholomew's day, 1572.

193. Herod. See *Acts* xii., 23.

211. *the falling tongues of flame.* The brightly coloured leaves.

212. Autumn is, as it were, the Doom's-Day (day of Judgment) of nature, when flowers and leaves decay.

illuminated pages. It was the custom in the days when books were made by hand, in some cases to *illuminate* the letters, that is, to colour them in gold. Thus the coloured leaves are spoken of as *illuminated* pages.

222. *wicker.* Made of plaited twigs.

226. *quest.* Search.

229. *canticles.* Little songs.

230. *satires.* Compositions holding the authorities up to ridicule.

QUESTIONS

1. What arguments did the Preceptor put forward in behalf of the birds ?

2. (a) Why did the people of Killingworth decide that the birds should be killed ?

(b) Why did they give orders that birds should be brought to Killingworth and set free, the following spring ?

MICHAEL

Michael was written by the poet Wordsworth in 1800, shortly after he settled in Grasmere in the Lake District in England. The poem tells the story of an old shepherd named Michael, and his son Luke; and the poet wishes to show how Michael's love for his son comforted and sustained him even when Luke had brought disgrace upon his father.

Greenhead Ghyll, in which Michael planned to build his sheepfold, is a narrow valley or opening in the mountains, at the outskirts of the village. The brook mentioned in the poem is "tumultuous" after heavy rains, but ordinarily it is a very slender mountain rivulet. Not far from the entrance to the valley the remains of the "unfinished sheepfold" are still pointed out, and the old oak which is said to be the "clipping tree" of the poem is still to be seen near the spot where Michael's cottage once stood.

5. **pastoral.** Where shepherds pasture their flocks.

11. **kites.** The kite is a species of falcon.

45. **intense, and frugal.** He felt strongly, but his feelings were under control and he did not waste his energies.

apt. Fitted.

51. **subterraneous.** Hollow-sounding, as if coming from under the earth.

62-4. Express the meaning of these lines in positive instead of negative form.

indifferent. Of no account.

76. **blind love.** He loved them, though he could give no reason for it.

88. **telling.** Counting.

100. **pottage.** Porridge.

106. **card.** Comb out.

125. **peculiar.** Individual, belonging to her alone.

134. **Easedale.** A valley to the west of Grasmere.

Dunmail Raise. A pass between the hills to the north of the village.

156. **enforced.** He had done it as a duty.

172. **exercise his heart.** Show his concern or apprehension.

194-203. Analyse this sentence.

201-2. **from the boy . . . to the wind.** The boy's delight in the objects around him had an influence on his father's feelings, so that the sun seemed brighter and the wind more musical than before.

emanations. Delicate influences.

324. "A sheepfold in these mountains is an unroofed building of stone walls with different divisions. It is generally placed by the side of a brook for convenience in washing the sheep."—(Wordsworth.)

388. **Nay, Boy.** What does the word "Nay" suggest as to Luke's feelings and actions?

414. **covenant.** Solemn agreement.

QUESTIONS

1. Why did the story of Michael appeal to Wordsworth? (ll. 21-33).
2. What does the poem tell us regarding Michael's character and regarding his work as a shepherd?
3. "Those fields, those hills,—what could they less?— had laid strong hold on his affections." Why?
4. Why does the poet tell the story of Luke's childhood in so much detail?
5. What were the "distressful tidings" that came to Michael? (l. 209.)
6. Why did he decide to send Luke to the city? Why did Isabel, his wife, agree to the proposal so readily?
7. Why did Michael wish Luke to lay the first stone of the sheepfold?
8. What effect did Luke's disgrace have upon Michael? What was his source of comfort?
9. In speaking of the "straggling heap of unhewn stones" (l. 17) the poet says, that "to that simple object appertains a story". Show what part this heap of stones plays in the story both before and after Luke's disgrace.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

The Pied Piper of Hamelin was written by the poet Browning for the purpose of amusing "Willy" Macready, the son of the poet's friend Macready the actor, when he was confined to bed through illness. There are a number of different versions of the legend of the Pied Piper; and the story, in varying forms, is associated with several different towns in Germany.

1. **Hamelin.** A town in Germany, about thirty miles from the city of Hanover. It is in the province of Hanover, in Prussia,—not in Brunswick as the poem states.

3. **Weser.** A river which flows through Prussia and empties into the North Sea.

15. **sprats.** A small variety of herring.

23. **noddy.** Simpleton.

25. **ermine.** A general name for those varieties of weasel which in winter have white fur, and tail tipped with black. Ermine is worn by judges as an emblem of purity.

37. **guilder.** A guilder, or gulden, is a coin worth in modern times about forty cents.

65. **admire.** Wonder at.

79. **Pied Piper.** "Pied" because dressed in parti-coloured garments.

89. **Tartary.** A general name for Central Asia.

Cham. The Khan, a title given to Tartar rulers.

91. **Nizam.** The title of the native sovereign of Hyderabad, in India.

92. **vampire.** Blood-sucking.

132. **conserve.** Preserves.

133. **train oil.** Whale oil.

136. **psaltery.** An ancient stringed instrument resembling the modern zither.

138. **drysaltery.** A shop or warehouse where commodities such as salted or pickled meats, dyes and drugs are kept.

139. **nuncheon.** Refreshment; literally "noon" repast.

141. **puncheon.** A large cask.

158. Different varieties of wine.

160. **Rhenish.** White wine.

177. **Bagdat.** The capital of Mesopotamia in Asia Minor.
the prime. The best.

178. **pottage.** A dish of vegetables and meat boiled until tender.

179. **Caliph.** The title of the successors of Mohammed.

182. **bate a stiver.** Reduce my charge by a penny.

220. **Koppelberg.** A low hill close to Hamelin.

279. **tabor.** A small drum, used to accompany the fife.

290. **Transylvania.** A province in Hungary.

296. **trepanned.** To trepan is to cut or bore a hole through a wall, or through the skull. Here the children were shut into the hole "trepanned" in the hillside.

300. **Willy.** Willy Macready, for whom the poem was written.

QUESTIONS

1. Why were the Mayor and the Corporation of Hamelin so ready to accept the offer of the Pied Piper ?
2. What was peculiar about the appearance of the Piper ? Point out any details in the poem that show that, aside from his music, he was different from ordinary human beings.
3. According to the "commentary" of the rat that escaped, what was there in the music of the piper that charmed them ?
4. What excuses did the Mayor give for not paying the piper the thousand guilders that they had promised him ?
5. Why was the lame boy who could not follow the piper all the way, so sad ?
6. What did the people of Hamelin do to fix this event in the memory of future generations ?
7. What suggestion does the poem contain as to the fate of the children who were "trepanned" into the mountain side ?

JOHN GILPIN

John Gilpin was written by the poet Cowper in the year 1782, while he was living in the village of Olney. During that year he was suffering from a prolonged attack of melancholia, from which his friends had in vain tried to rouse him. One day, however, it occurred to Lady Austen, who was an intimate friend and neighbour of the poet, to tell him the story of *John Gilpin*, which she had heard as a child. The story had the desired effect. Cowper laughed heartily, and within a few hours he composed the ballad of *John Gilpin* and committed it to paper. It was at first published anonymously and it at once became popular,—so popular that the poet suddenly found himself famous.

It is supposed that the original of John Gilpin was a linen-draper named John Beyer who lived in Cheapside about the year 1710; but there actually was a John Gilpin who lived in Cheapside in the middle of the seventeenth century, and he may have been the original linen-draper of the story.

3. **train-band.** The train-bands were companies of citizens enrolled as soldiers. These train-bands were the old militia of London.
- eke. Also.**

11. **Edmonton.** A suburb of London about eight miles from Cheapside. It still has an inn called "The Bell."

23. **calender.** One whose presses cloth or paper between rollers to give it a gloss.

39. **agog.** Eager.

44. **Cheapside.** One of the busiest streets of London.

49. **saddle-tree.** The frame of the saddle.

100. **rig.** Frolic.

115. **carries weight.** Some horses race better when carrying weights.

119. **turnpike.** Tollgate.

128. **basted.** Moistened by having hot grease poured over them.

133. **Islington.** Formerly a suburb of London, about two miles from Cheapside; now a part of the city.

135. **the Wash.** The stream or pool which crossed the road.

152. **Ware.** A town about twenty miles north of London.

178. **pin.** Mood; the origin of the expression is uncertain.

192. **case.** Condition.

216. **half-a-crown.** A coin worth about sixty cents.

236. **hue and cry.** An outcry to attract attention to a thief; literally, "hue" means a shout.

Questions.

1. Why was it necessary for John Gilpin to ride on horseback instead of going in the coach? Why did he not set out at the same time as the others? Why did he have to carry the two bottles of wine with him?

2. Why did the horse run away, on his way to Edmonton? Why did it not stop at Edmonton? Why did it run away on his return?

3. Why did Gilpin's ride appear so exciting to the onlookers both on his way out and on his way back ?

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

2. Allemaine. Germany.

5. St. John's eve. June 24th is St. John the Baptist's Day ; hence St. John's Eve falls on June 23rd.

vespers. Evening prayers.

6. the Magnificat. The song of praise sung by the Virgin Mary on visiting her cousin Elizabeth after the birth of Christ has been foretold. The song begins with the words *Magnificat anima mea Dominum*, "My soul doth magnify the Lord."

12. clerk. Clergyman, scholar.

17. seditious. Tending to excite treason.

34. stalls. Seats in the chancel of the cathedral.

52. besprent. Besprinkled.

56. seneschal. The chief steward.

64. signet-ring. Ring containing the king's private seal.

69. exaltation. High spirits.

83. The garb of the court fool.

86. henchmen. Attendants, footmen.

106. Saturnian reign. The reign of Saturn, who was later dethroned by Jupiter, is spoken of in classical mythology as "the golden age."

110. Enceladus. One of the giants who rebelled against Jupiter. He was imprisoned beneath Mount Etna in Sicily ; and according to ancient superstition the eruptions of the volcano were due to the giant stirring in his sleep.

132. Holy Thursday. Immediately preceding Good Friday.

144. piebald. With patches of black and white.

146. demurely. Looking solemn.

150. St. Peter's square. The great square in front of the church of St. Peter in Rome.

152. **apostolic grace.** Such goodness as one might look for in the Pope, who held his office in succession from the apostle Peter.

179-80. He too felt the presence of Christ, who was risen from the dead.

186. **Salerno.** A town in the south of Italy

187. **Palermo.** The chief seaport town in Sicily.

189. **the angelus.** The bell rung at morning, noon, and evening, to mark the time for the prayer beginning "Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ".

200. **shriven.** Freed from sin, absolved.

QUESTIONS

1. What was the purpose of the Angel in humiliating King Robert, by dethroning him and treating him as the king's jester?

2. Why did the Angel at length restore King Robert to his throne?

3. Point out five or six different lines in the poem which, in your opinion, are especially poetical.

MAZEPPA'S RIDE

Mazeppa, of which *Mazeppa's Ride* forms a part, was written by the poet Byron in the year 1818 or 1819. He obtained the materials for his story from Voltaire's *Life of Charles XII of Sweden*; but Voltaire's narrative is not historically accurate. The following are the main facts of Mazeppa's life, as far as they are known.

He was born in 1645, and was of Cossack origin. As a youth he was employed as a page in the court of John Casimir, king of Poland. Before long, however, he became involved in an intrigue with the wife of a neighbouring Count, and the latter took an unusual method of obtaining revenge. He gave orders that Mazeppa should be bound, naked, upon the back of his own horse; and when the animal, which had been excited to a frenzy, was set free, it bore its helpless rider through brake and briar, to his own home. Nothing is known of Mazeppa's life for some years after this escapade; but when next we hear of him he is a Cossack soldier in the Ukraine. He was a favourite with the Czar, Peter the Great, and was, in the course of time, appointed "hetman" or chieftain of the Cossacks. Later, however, he conspired with Charles XII of Sweden against the Czar. In the year 1709 Charles invaded Russia, but suffered

a disastrous defeat at the battle of Pultowa. After the battle Charles fled to Turkey and Mazeppa accompanied him. Mazeppa is said to have committed suicide shortly afterwards.

In the poem *Mazeppa* Byron represents the Cossack chieftain as telling his story to Charles while they were bivouacking one night during their flight from Pultowa. After telling of his intrigue with the countess and of the rage of her husband, he proceeds to tell the story of the count's revenge. It is at this point that *Mazeppa's Ride* begins.

3. **Tartar.** From Tartary in central Asia.

Ukraine. The Ukraine is a region of Russia lying in the valley of the Dnieper. Byron represents the horse as setting out not for Mazeppa's dwelling, but for its own native home.

25. **rabble rout.** Disorderly mob.

38-9. The moat or ditch surrounding the castle was crossed by a drawbridge, so called because it could be drawn up so that no one could enter. Above the gateway was a heavy iron grating or portcullis, which could be let down to protect the gate against attack.

70-1. It is still a matter of dispute whether the northern lights are accompanied by any sound.

80. **the Spahi.** Irregular Turkish cavalry.

111. **Siberia.** The vast regions of northern and central Asia, forming part of Russia.

116. **Autumnal eves.** The frosts of the autumn nights.

133. I was bound so that I could not fall off.

206-7. I should not like to think that in dying I should suffer so much.

213-7. As consciousness returned, my pulse began to beat more strongly, until at length each heart-beat gave me a momentary pang of pain.

259. **omen.** Favourable sign.

262. **ignis-fatuus.** The will-o-the-wisp, which deceives the traveller by making him think that he sees a light from a dwelling.

264. **had cheered.** Would have cheered.

282. And soon gave up the useless struggle.

285. Often on a long ride the horse gives out when the horse and rider are nearing their destination; but here there was no goal to which the rider was looking forward.

293. Took away the light from the chariots of the stars.

307. *werst*, or *verst*. About two-thirds of a mile.

355. **unwonted weight.** The horse was not used to having a rider.

365-9. We think of death as the thing that is most to be feared, but when we know that it is a certainty we become resigned to it, and even welcome it.

384-90. Byron says in effect: "The man who has enjoyed in turn all the experiences of life has nothing more to hope for and nothing that he has to leave behind him still untried; and he has nothing to grieve about, unless it be the next life. But even in that case, the way men view the future depends not so much upon whether their lives have been good or bad, as upon whether they have strong nerves."

402. **Guerdon.** Reward.

431. A feeling of coming back to consciousness.

460. **Cossack.** The Cossacks are a warlike race of people, skilful as horsemen, inhabiting various parts of Russia.

492. **refining on my pain.** By trying to make my torture more cruel.

498. **The Borysthene.** The ancient name of the Dnieper, a large river in Russia.

503. **Hetman.** Cossack chief.

QUESTIONS

1. Mazeppa says that the horse upon which he was bound was "a Tartar of the Ukraine breed",—a wild horse which had been caught but a day. Why are these details important?

2. (a) At what time, and under what circumstances was Mazeppa's ride begun? (b) What revenge does Mazeppa boast of having taken against his foes?

3. Describe the appearance of "the wild plain" which he first crossed? Why was there "no trace of man"?

4. "We near'd the wild wood." Describe it. It was fortunate for Mazeppa that the old trees were "few and far between". Why?

5. How does Mazeppa account for having swooned? In what way was he restored fully to consciousness?

6. Compare the boundless plain (ll. 248-307) with the "wild plain" already crossed. (ll. 72-83).

7. To what dangers from wild animals or birds of prey was Mazeppa exposed in the course of his ride? How did he escape in each case?

8. How many days and nights did Mazeppa's ride continue? What took place the first night? The second night?

9. Give an account of Mazeppa's experiences, (a) after the fall of the horse, (b) upon his return to consciousness.

